

SUBSTITUTE HOME NOW ON PROGRAM FOR MEN OF A.E.F.

Would Provide Places in
Army Centers to Meet
American Girls

FIRST IN TOWN NEAR LINE

Dances, Card Games, Tea Would
Be Enjoyed, Not to Mention
Heart-to-Heart Talks

A cozy, inviting, home-like house where lonesome doughboys will find friendly and charming American girls waiting to talk to them and make sandwiches for them and sing to them and dance with them around the phonograph—a series of such houses to be opened in all those French towns where Yankee soldiers crowd thickest—that is the program now being prepared by various organizations in and outside the Army.

They will be Y.M.C.A. huts nor Y.W.C.A. huts nor "hostess houses," in the sense of that term as it has been used in the cantonments back in the States. The hope is to create something that will resemble the home of the soldier. The present plan is to open the first of these homes as an experiment in a town quite close to the front. It will be named (laughter) by 12 American girls.

Card Games and Dances

There would be rooms to read in, rooms to write in. Probably there would be tea and ice cream parties. Certainly there would be card games and dances. Above all, there would be just such heart-to-heart talks as the wall of every veranda in America could tell it walls had ears.

There is no present intention of barring anybody from these hospitable houses. There is no reason why a man, just because he has been commissioned, should therefore be coldly received. But these hostesses would be supplemented by officers wishing to come to the party must spiritually hang their Sam Browne belts on the fence outside.

If the first house is a success and the plan unfolds throughout the A.E.F., there is no reason why the states of each house should not be supplemented in any given afternoon by American girls who happen to be working in that vicinity.

NEW LEAVE AREAS CLOSE TO FRONT FOR SHORT STAYS

Apartment House and Hotel
Are Leased in City
Near Line

Leave areas, like movable kitchens, are now moving right up to the near vicinity of the front.

Already in one large center in the Z. of A. the Y.M.C.A. has leased a large hotel where the Y.M.C.A. has accommodations for officers and men on the brief 24 or 48 hour leaves which are now being granted from time to time.

Eventually this particular hotel will be used as an officers' club, but in addition to it the Y.M.C.A. has also leased an apartment house to be used as a dormitory and canteen for enlisted men. This will shortly be in operation, to make pleasant the week-end or mid-week petting parties of the Yanks stationed on that particular part of the front.

Chance for Clean Clothes

Other arrangements are also under way to make the towns of the back-front area more comfortable for men on short leave. At all towns which men of combat divisions may be allowed to visit in between raids and things, an effort will be made to provide adequate bathing, laundering and clothes-drying and cleaning facilities. Entertainment of the real and the imaginary will also be provided, so that doughboys and others will not have to rely on the two-year-old Chaplin films of which the provincial cities of France are so enamored.

THE PRESIDENT'S LABOR DAY SPEECH

So many different versions of the President's Labor Day speech have been published on this side, at least one of them grossly misstated, and the following version, corrected and containing if at all only such minor errors as are bound to creep in in transmission, is here published for the A.E.F. It is a clear exposition of America's reasons for being at war with Germany.

My fellow-citizens: Labor Day, 1918, is not like any Labor Day that we have known. Labor Day was always deeply significant with us. Now it is supremely significant.

Keenly as we were aware of a year ago of the enterprise of life and death upon which the nation had embarked, we did not realize its meaning as clearly as we do now.

We knew that we were all partners and must stand and strike together, but we did not realize, as we do now, that we are all-enlisted men, members of a single army, of many parts and many tasks, but united by a single obligation, our faces set toward a single objective.

We now know that every tool in every essential industry is a weapon, and a weapon wielded for the same purpose that an army rifle is wielded; a weapon which we must lay it down, no rifle would be of any use.

And a weapon for what? What is the war for? Why are we enlisted? Why should we be assumed if we were not enlisted?

At first it seemed hardly more than a war against the military aggression of Germany. Belgium had been violated and France invaded and Germany was afield again as in 1870 and 1866 to work out her ambitions in Europe, and it was necessary to meet her force with force.

But it is clear now that it is much more than a war to alter the balance of power in Europe. Germany, it is now plain, is striking at what free men everywhere desire and must have—the right to determine their own fortunes, to insist upon justice, and to oblige their governments to act for the benefit of the private and selfish interests of the governing class.

It is a war to make nations and peoples of the world secure against every such power as the German autocracy represents. It is a war of emancipation. Not until it is won, until men are free from constant fear or breathe freely while they go about their daily tasks and know that governments are their servants, not their masters.

This is, therefore, the war of all wars which labor should support, and support with all its concentrated power. And Germany, into this war, are permitted to control the destinies and daily fortunes of men and nations, plotting while honest men work, laying fires on which innocent men, women and children are to be the fuel.

You know the nature of this war. It is a war which industry must sustain. The army of laborers at home is as important, as essential as the army of fighting men in the far fields of the actual battle. And the laborer is not only needed as much as the soldier in this war. The soldier is his champion and representative. He will win without impairing everything that the laborer has striven for and held dear since freedom first had its dawn and his struggle for justice began.

The soldiers at the front know this. It is their conviction, their belief, their faith. They are fighting for no selfish advantage for their own nations. They would despise anyone who fought for the selfish advantage of any nation.

They are giving their lives that homes everywhere, as well as the homes they love in America, may be kept peaceful and safe and men everywhere be free, as they insist upon being free. They are fighting for the ideals of their own land, great ideals, immortal ideals, ideals which shall light the way for all men to places where justice is done and men live with lifted heads and unquenchable spirits. There is the reason they fight with solemn joy and are invincible.

Let us make this, therefore, a day of fresh comprehension, not only of what we are about and of renewed and cleared resolution, but a day of consecration also, in which we devote ourselves to that cause or limit to the great task of setting our own country and the whole world free to render justice to all, and of making it impossible for small groups of political rulers anywhere to disturb our peace or the peace of the world or in any way to take tools and weapons of those upon whose consent and upon whose powers their own authority and their own very existence depend.

We may count upon each other. The nation is of a single mind. It is taking counsel with no special class. It is serving no private or single interest. Its own mind has been cleared and fortified by these days which burn the dross away.

The light of new convictions has penetrated to every class amongst us. We realize, as we never realized before, that we are comrades dependent on one another, irresistible when united, powerless when divided. And so we join hands to lead the world to a new and better day.

WOODROW WILSON.

\$175,000,000 FOR SOCIETIES

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Sept. 12.—The President has ordered one joint drive for funds for the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the National Catholic War Council, including the Knights of Columbus and other activities, the Jewish Welfare Board, the American Library Association, the War Camp Community Service and the Salvation Army.

HERE'S THE HOYLE ON CENSORSHIP AS PLAYED IN A.E.F.

G.H.Q. Tells How German
Hardware May or May
Not Be Sent Home

RULES FOR LETTERS ALSO

Old Regulations Restated, New
Ones Added in General Order
Just Published

All the latest dope on what you may and what you may not get past the censor is brought up to date for all concerned, which means everybody, in a new General Order, No. 149, hot from the G.H.Q. presses. Some of the more interesting restrictions and releases are here re-hashed.

First, as to every doughboy fresh from the Solons-Chateau-Thierry battlefield is laden with enough German hardware to open a store, the question of souvenirs has become a burning one. All enemy property acquired under any circumstances whatever should be turned over at once to an Intelligence officer.

"Have a heart," says the outraged doughboy, who has just chased a fat German colonel for two kilometers for no other reason than because the girl across the street back home had casually expressed her desire for a Tinseltown helmet. But the order goes on to mollify him. If the trophy is not of value to the Intelligence Section, it will be returned to the sender. Such trophies may be of vast importance to the General Staff as giving identification not otherwise verified and information about new equipment of value to our own supply and technical services.

Requires Written Approval

As for sending these souvenirs home. It is absolutely verboten to mail your father a German machine gun, even if you captured it yourself at the point of a bayonet. Indeed, letters in not sent, are forbidden except enemy helmets, caps, badges, numerals and buttons, and those only on approval by a field officer, such written approval to be contained in the package.

There are other limitations on what you may send home in parcels. You may not send any clothing, except gloves, handkerchiefs, laces and such trifles designated as gifts for the folks. And these can be sent only to the United States and Canada. You may not send Government property, and you may not send explosives. Whatever desire you may have to send Aunt Lucy a hand grenade you must sternly suppress.

Then there's the question of photographs. All members of the A.E.F. are forbidden to take photographs unless photography is a part of their official duties. If you have a camera, you may take pictures wherever called, when the Germans start a bombardment of any particular sector with mustard gas shells.

After shells of low explosive power have burst like a bunch of champagne bubbles, and finely-divided poison particles have been sprayed into the air or splashed over ground and wood, doughboys, whose faces and heads are protected by gas masks, begin to feel the first burnings of the mustard poison on their legs or other unprotected parts of the bodies.

Between the bursting of the gas shells and the time when gas burns become painful, there is a period in which every minute counts. The big problem is to start treatment to check the action of the poison which becomes more severe the longer it acts against the skin. Hot baths come first in treatment.

Speed in getting those hot baths to the gassed soldier is the function of the new de-gassing stations put into operation by the Chemical Warfare Service.

While Shells Still Fall

While the gas shells are still falling, the motor trucks of the de-gassing station come to a halt behind some sheltering wood and the dozen men of its crew begin throwing together the jointed framework of a bathing frame under which 24 soldiers can stand with hot water showering over their bodies. The work of putting up this frame and throwing up the tent around the whole is a matter of a few minutes. By the time the frame and tent are up a pipe is run, connected to the water heater, and the baths are ready at the turn of a valve.

The tank truck carries the portable frame also, and a second truck carries the tent and a large supply of clean clothing to be supplied gassed men. These will be passed around right after the washing ceremony.

The soldiers take off their clothes, standing up, lest they sit down on a gas-splashed surface where another gassed man had been previously. Hands and shoes are dipped in lime, to destroy any lurking gas. Even the helmets are dipped in lime water. Attendants wear oil-skin one-piece suits with a headpiece the whole impervious to gas.

Under Showers in Squads

Soldiers whose burns are obvious are attended to first and evacuated immediately to hospitals. The others are sent to the showers in squads. Before the water is turned on, fifteen seconds is allowed for wetting the body. Three fourths of a minute is allowed ordinarily for scrubbing the body, after which the showers are again turned on for 30 seconds.

After the bath, the eyes, noses and throats of the men are sprayed with a solution, and the men dress. Forty-eight men were bathed in two and one-half minutes by this system in one test made recently, and it is believed this ratio can be maintained in practice if the need arises.

The stations also will afford baths and changes of clothing for front line troops not having other facilities. This will facilitate freeing the doughboys from vermin, always present in the absence of bathing facilities.

THAT LETTER FROM HOME—



—which is still fresh at the forty-first reading

HOT BATHS READY FOR GAS PATIENTS IN SHORT ORDER

Cars Carrying 2,500 Gallons
of Water and Heater
Sent to Scene

24 SOLDIERS AT A TIME

Portable Sprinkler in Test Washes
48 Men in Two and One
Half Minutes

Hot baths are being sent into the shell-fire zone on motor trucks to help doughboys who have been burned by mustard gas.

Big cars carrying 2,500-gallon water tanks and equipped with instantaneous water heaters are being driven right up to the front of the line.

The cars, wherever called, when the Germans start a bombardment of any particular sector with mustard gas shells.

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COLOR CHANGES IN RULES FOR OFFICERS' CAPS

New Pippings Announced
for Overseas Headgear
in General Order

24 SOLDIERS AT A TIME

Tank Service Gray, Chemical Blue
and Yellow, Cavalry Yellow and
Scarlet—Many Others

G.H.Q. has come out with an announcement calculated to make American officers recognizable even when they have their rain coats on.

No longer will they be allowed to run around under raincoats that look as if they had been designed for the man who costumed the moving picture players in the war drama during our neutral days, and made the actor soldiers' uniforms on the Burbank system, so nobody's feelings would be hurt.

Here is the latest rule for officers' headgear, as set forth in G.O. 149: For officers while serving with the A.E.F., the overseas cap will be the same model as that worn by soldiers, but the material will be similar to that of the officers' uniform, and will have piping showing at the edge of the flap as follows:

General Officers, gold.

Medical Staff, including officers attached to the General Staff or performing General Staff duties, gold and black in equal proportion.

Adjutant General's Department, dark blue.

Dark Blue, White Threads

Inspector General's Department, dark blue with white threads.

Judge Advocate General's Department, dark blue with light blue threads.

Quartermaster Corps, buff.

Ordnance Department, black with scarlet threads.

Signal Corps, orange with white threads.

Medical Department, maroon.

Artillery, including officers with ammunition trains and artillery parks, scarlet.

Corps of Engineers, scarlet with white threads.

Tank Service, gray.

Chemical Warfare Service, cobalt blue with yellow threads.

Chaplain's, black.

Cavalry, including officers with headquarters of Infantry divisions, light blue.

Machine Gun organizations, Infantry, light blue with scarlet threads.

Cavalry, yellow with scarlet threads.

Field Clerks, black with silver threads.

Line officers detailed in a staff corps or department will wear cap with piping specified for corps or department in which detailed.

These caps will be sold by the Quartermaster Corps to officers.

NEW RECRUITS UP SOON

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Sept. 12.—The War Department hopes to induce the first recruits under the new man power law into service by October 15.

LOST ENGINEERS NURSE DOUGHBOY UNDER HUN'S NOSE

Trio Spends Five Days and
Nights Near Enemy
M.G. Post

GRENADES USED AT LAST

Escape from Starvation by Crossing
Vesle With Bullets Seeking
Americans in Vain

How two American Engineers, cut off and lost from a night patrol, spent five days within the German lines nursing a wounded comrade, and finally, after they had been 48 hours without food or water, rushed a Boche machine gun emplacement and killed the crew, ran a gauntlet of fire from a dozen other machine guns, swam a river and got back to their lines with their patient and valuable information, is one of the stories produced by the restless fighting during the period when the Germans pushed in their retreat, made a stand on the Vesle.

Privates Frank C. Schultz and Edward Morrissey are the Engineers who managed the episode, and Private Frank De Blase, an Infantryman, is the wounded man they saved.

The three were members of a party which, with noses for fighting and information, crossed the Vesle one night and penetrated into a battered little town on its northern bank. The patrol investigated the town, clashed with the Boche garrison, took a couple of prisoners and returned.

The Patient Arrives

But Schultz and Morrissey, partly because they had tarried to bandage the wounds of two slightly wounded soldiers, lost the bunch and, what was worse, the direction. They wandered cautiously around for an hour until, running almost into the arms of a German patrol, they sought hasty refuge in a hole dug in an embankment at the side of the street.

The hole was a small one, hardly large enough to be dignified with the name of dugout, and its limited dimensions were faced still more by an hour later when De Blase, blinded, temporarily at least, by a bullet wound in the forehead, came groping down the street and was taken in.

Dawn that morning disclosed the plight of the trio. They were near the southern edge of the town, separated from the river and their own lines by a quarter of a mile of flat open ground. Looking across the river, they could see the hillside where they knew American sentinels and artillery observers were stationed and, looking to the north, they could see another hillside where they knew sentinels and observers were at the alert.

They were in No Man's Land—that part of No Man's Land claimed at night time by the Germans and held by isolated machine gun crews who, with the passing of darkness, discreetly withdrew to the high ground behind.

Too Risky to Try

If they made a dash for the American lines, they had the strip of open ground to cross and then the river, with a score of Boche machine guns firing from the rear. It was too risky, they decided. A run for it at the machine guns near the river was just as unfeasible.

The two Engineers went into executive conference and decided to stick it out indefinitely, waiting for the German withdrawal from the Vesle, which they knew was momentarily expected.

Is it not a little risky if they were going to get a close-up on it.

They took their first aid packets and bandaged the wounds of De Blase and held an inventory of their store of provisions. They had, they found, six cans of salmon, two cans of beef, a ham, a few tins of condensed milk, and a few tins of corn. It may be said that when, in the third day of hiding, they opened the last can, they ate them with relish and actually liked them.

The consumption of the last can of beans on that third day marked the end of the store of provisions. The last drop of water had gone some hours before. The difficulties brought on by hunger, thirst and, last of all, room to move in were complicated the fourth day by the condition of the wounded man, who became feverish and at times hysterical.

Lost the Germans Hear

During the night it was necessary for one of the Engineers to hold his hand constantly over De Blase's mouth to suppress hysterical mutterings which would have been heard by three Germans who, at nightfall, always appeared and manned a machine gun post 15 yards across the other side of the road.

As the Germans would have overheard any conversation, it was a rule of the trio that no word would be spoken during darkness. Through all the five nights in the hole the two Engineers crouched side by side, with their heads and hands on the water, relieving each other in clamping a tender but firm hand over the wounded man's mouth.

On the fifth day the two decided they could hold out no longer. If they had remained 24 hours longer, they would have been liberated by the Americans on the day after they actually did get away. The Germans began their retreat northward. But of these plans they did not know, and when they talked it over they decided it was better to die making a light than starve to death in a hole.

Just Before Daylight

They decided upon a break just before daylight, when there was enough light to guide them to the river and enough darkness to make the Germans' aim uncertain. Anyhow, they figured, they wouldn't get killed without result, for they certainly could put the nearest machine gun crew out of commission.

The rush went off according to plan. With approaching dawn barely disclosing the river and the outlines of the hill beyond, the three emerged from their hole. Schultz supported De Blase, while Morrissey led the pair on two grenades.

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AMERICANS TRAIL RETREATING HUNS ON TOWARD AISNE

Artillery Blasts Foe's Guns
in Full View from
Hilltop

GRENADES USED AT LAST

Tricks Fattered by Enemy's In-
guity Make Yanks Wary, but
That's About All

American soldiers began to trend in the wake of the retreating Hun again last week when the battered armies of the Crown Prince, threatened on their right by the capture of Juvigny and Terny-Sorby by General Mangin's French Army, assisted by Americans, withdrew from their front along the Vesle and launched a few miles homeward to the valley of the Aisne.

Over a goodly portion of this front the retreat amounted to a mere sudden withdrawal and a scuttle back to the new line, with an attempt to exact a price for the retreat in the form of scattered snipers and machine gun nests and spasmodic bursts of artillery.

Whereupon the Yanks turned big game hunters and beat the brush and woods for tarrying Germans for a couple of days, cleaning up those machine gunners who chose to obey the "click to the last instructions, capturing a few who shouted kammerad, and taking pot shots at others who scampered off to cover when the Americans got near them.

"A regular rabbit drive," declared one exuberant doughboy. And the drive continued until the Germans were all behind the canal paralleling the Aisne which they had chosen for their new line, where, after a series of patrol encounters and minor infantry engagements, the fighting settled down again to a state of semi-quietness.

Harder Going Towards East

On the other end of the front of retreat, towards Rheims, the going was sterner, because the Germans didn't fall back so far and retained high ground from which they sought to command the lower ground with machine gun and artillery fire. American infantry had charged and had taken some of the Boche positions and some three score prisoners, including a couple of artillery observer officers, and American artillery had gotten into action, even the Crown Prince couldn't claim much success for his present plans.

It was during this fighting that one battery of American Artillery brought cheers from the Infantry by dashing around the point of a hill and out of cover into an open space not more than a quarter of a mile from the front line and firing with open sight at German artillery positions on the side of the hill which menaced the advance of the Yanks in the valley below.

The battery arrived spectacularly as the Boche artillery was pouring a barrage into the valley, and swept the Boche positions with devastating fire. The barrage ceased abruptly, half a dozen of the German guns were publicly blown up and the rest of them beat a hasty retreat over the hilltop.

Wire and Mines in River

It was not during the retreat, but preceding it, however, that the Yanks did some of their most notable work. The Germans chose to stand on the Vesle because of the protection against surprise which this stream, modest though it is, offered them and the retarding effect it would have upon pursuit.

First they put wire in the riverbed to prevent wading, and supplemented it by mines. Then they kept the river under artillery fire and drenched it with gas. Any work of the Americans along the river was almost certain to be done in gas and likely to be complicated by high explosives and shrapnel.

It was under such conditions that one night, with no other light than that afforded by the moon, a company of Engineers was ordered to put a bridge across the river. They gained the bank of the river without mishap and, working in gas masks, threw their bridge across.

It was found to be ten feet short. For the remainder of the night the company cut down trees and trimmed them to make struts and braces for an additional span to cover the deficiency, and before daylight they had completed their work.

Smoking Out Snipers

It was under such conditions, too, that a captain and three men swam the river and buried a big mortar near the bank which had afforded cover for Boche machine gunners and snipers, and it was under such conditions that, a few nights later, when a footbridge upon which a company of Infantry was crossing the river gave way, a lieutenant and Sergeant F. J. Roskosko and Jules Glinzars took off their gas masks and plunged into the water to rescue a dozen soldiers who had fallen into the river, saving the men in the water, but being gassed themselves.

After the actual retreat had started, however, the river ceased to be a barrier, although the Germans, in their parting barter and long range shots, were feeling constantly for the bridges thrown across in double time.

When one shell fell so close to one bridge that two men on the river bank were buried in mud and Private Elmer Eppenheimer, a message bearer, was knocked into the river by the concussion, it was an incident of the day forgotten almost as soon as the two interred men had been dug out and continued on his way.

Some Hun Traps

The Engineers distinguished themselves establishing the communications, and they did more notable work afterward. While the Hun army was wading across the Aisne, the Americans, forebodingly ejecting him from patches he sought to hold, and renewing contact on the canal paralleling the Aisne which the enemy chose for his new line, they sought out and removed the fangs of

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looby traps. There were scores of these traps, and all of them bespoke much work and time ingeniously.

One chateau in a town quitted by the Boche blew up with a bang a couple of days after the Americans entered the village. The explosives which caused its destruction had evidently been detonated by a timing device. But as it was the only unharmed building in the town, the Americans, with the suspicion of experience, had given it a wide berth.

From beneath the cellar of another chateau the Engineers dug 16 kegs of powder—after carefully disconnecting a trip wire connected with the front door-step.

A sergeant came upon a German sword sticking in the bank at the side of the road. He tied a 50-foot strand of wire to the handle and, from this distance, yanked it out of the ground. A mine blew a 10-foot hole in the middle of the road.

HERE'S THE HOYLE ON CENSORSHIP AS PLAYED IN A.E.F.

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keep it, but you must keep it unfolded in the bottom of your harrack bag. A perfectly beautiful picture of yourself may be mailed home every little while, provided the background is entirely non-committal.

These Are Also Barred

The familiar fussy trick of trying to smuggle letters home by returning officers, returning Y.M.C.A. secretaries, or returning wounded is violently defunct. The sender and the bearers of such illicit missives are liable to dire punishment.

Certain enclosures are forbidden. Besides tell-tale photographs, photographic negatives, immoral post cards, naughty, naughty pictures, dirty poems, official papers, captured papers, maps and the like are also barred.

You may not write to a newspaper on any subject connected with military matters unless you have written permission from the Chief, G-2, G.H.Q., A.E.F. If an objectionable letter of yours is published back home without your knowledge, you are the goat nevertheless.

The order gives a few illustrations of what is considered dangerous information, to be rigorously excluded from all letters, diaries and other writings. You must not mention a place in the Z. of A. from which you are writing. You must make no reference to future operations, whether you know or are just guessing. You must not mention any kind of top movements, armaments, defensive works, morale, supplies, railroad positions, road conditions, reserves, ammunition, supplies or effects of hostile fire. You must not give any information at all about aircraft, tanks, chemical warfare and other technical services.

The Matter of Addresses

If you do not like our gallant Allies either individually or in lump, do not say so and don't particularize. If you think the general made a botch of his last operation, keep it dark. If you disapprove of the grub, stow it. If you think the top sergeant is a curious mixture of half-wit and thug, let no one guess it from your letters home.

Then there is the matter of addresses. If you are in the base or intermediate section of the S.O.S., you can give the town as your post office. But that is all. It doesn't take the lid off on all matters military going on throughout. If you are writing to some pal belonging to a loose organization in a town in the Z. of A. that has no Yankee post office, address him without mentioning the town. Then enclose that envelope in an outer envelope addressed to the C.O., American Expeditionary Force, followed by the name of the town and department.

As for putting your own address and unit up in the upper left-hand corner—don't. Put your name, your rank and your branch of the service and no more. Put Corporal J. Marmaduke Archibald Doe, U. S. Marine Corps, but no more. Don't put 912th Regiment, U.S.M.C., Colonel, or anything so intimate and detailed as that.

The blue envelope is still a safeguard of privacy. But you may use only those blue envelopes issued by the Chief G.M., A.E.F., and none of those azure substitutes that have been caught in the act. The certificate that the letters within are strictly non-military must be signed or the blue envelope is useless. It may contain as many letters as can be stuffed into it, but they must all be from one soldier.

No Limit on Number

There are certain passages in the order which govern less the letter-writers than their censors. There is a stern warning to all officers who may have tried or might be tempted to try to lessen the censorship work by disguising or actually forbidding correspondence.

"Organization commanders," the order says, "will use every effort to cause the men of their commands to write regularly—at least once a week—to their parents or families. It is to be distinctly understood that there is no limit placed on the writing of letters. No commanding officer is to limit the number of letters."

An officer who comes across a letter written in a foreign language he understands may censor it; otherwise, it goes to the Base Censor, who is responsible for the military innocence of epistles conveyed in every tongue known since the Tower of Babel.

Examining officers may not write any remarks, sassy or otherwise, on letters they are censoring. If they ever tell any one the little private secrets their job discloses to them, they are flying in the face of a specific order and will probably be met with a punishment that has a kick in it.

Any letter referring to a casualty thereby passes out of the domain of all local censorship. It must be censored at the Central Records Office, A.G.D., A.P.O. 717, and should be there addressed.

WOMEN AS MARINE CLERKS

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Sept. 12.—One thousand American women want to become what the Boche calls *Teufelhunden*, or devils; i.e., to wit, and viz., Leathernecks. That was the number that turned up right off the bat when the Marine Corps started in its recruiting campaign for typists and clerks.

TO RETAIN WHEAT PRICE

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Sept. 12.—A presidential proclamation announces that the present wheat price guarantee by the Government of \$2.20 a bushel will be retained for the 1919 crop unless an investigation next spring shows that the farmers need an increased price.

BOYS TRY TO STEAL DOC'S Y.M.C.A. SIGNS

Fighters Honor Preacher With Their Own Insignia for Heroism

SAVED COLONEL AT MARNE

Missionary to Lepers Brings Rejoicing to Regiment by Coming Out of Hospital

You have not really known what a church can be till you have attended service in a dugout, or gone to mass at an altar where the candles were set on the trunk of a tree which some shell had uprooted from the soil, or recalled the hymns learned in far, peaceful Sunday schools and sung them in an alien grove where the only organ is the deep-toned rumble of the guns.

Not long ago, had you found yourself on a certain Sunday morning in a deserted village not far from the Marne, you would have heard a great commotion going on in the long silent church, brisk cheery orders, whistling laughter and shouts of dust coming from the shattered windows. Inside, a volunteer squad was spending three hours routing the dirt and cobwebs and litter of crumbled plaster and fallen glass. They were making the old pile ready for such a service as its pious builders had never contemplated—such a service as is often held near the front when the spirit moves and the tide of battle permits.

Hands Out Rosaries

A bright-eyed young Jew had proposed this one, and the preacher was the white-haired Y.M.C.A. secretary whom a certain outfit is so used to calling just plain Doc. Most of them have forgotten his last name. You would have noticed that, before he began, he fished in his pockets and brought out a handful of rosaries to distribute among such Catholic boys present as might have lost their own in the last scrimmage. Yet Doc himself will tell you, when rounded up by the subject, that his waiting bullet back home is a Baptist pulpit. Over here, he finds it a little difficult to remember the various distinctions.

Doc has been with his regiment since shortly after its arrival in France. After hard, wearing years as a missionary among the lepers in the Far East, he was minister of an Arizona church when the war called American into service. It was the plea of a Catholic mother in his town who had sent four sons into the Army that prompted his enlistment in the Y.M.C.A.

Since then, he has had to do with the regiment, and he has told you that when they blew—as he called it—certainly did not the white-haired man. Thierry—Doc always goes by that name, for all his more than 20 years—always carries the full Infantryman's pack so that none of them shall say he has an easier time than they, none come out of such an adventure saying that Old Doc doesn't know what it's like.

Goes Through Marne Fray

Like all good chaplains, he was in the thick of things at the Marne and would come out wide-eyed and reverent after each engagement.

"You got Sergeant Grant," you might have heard him report, "but he was ready for them. I was crouching beside him this morning when he picked off a lot of Germans at a distance of between 300 and 400 yards. 'I want you to know I don't wear this Marksman's diskus for nothing,' he would chuckle when one of them fell. 'There, that makes nine of them. Well, I've had my chance. I don't care how soon they get me now, Doc.' And they got him this afternoon."

They got Doc, too, that afternoon, got him when he and a private had crawled out under fire and brought back their wounded colonel, crawled across a deadly field, with the private, from his end of the line, hissing back warning to poor, bulky Doc not to "stick up so far." They got him with gas and with shrapnel, but he brought the colonel in, and behind the lines there was a great and solemn rejoicing.

When Doc came to in the evacuation hospital, he found that his outfit had stealthily cut off and confiscated all his Y.M.C.A. insignia and sewn on their own emblem instead. Later, in Paris, he was ordered to resume his proper decorations, but once he had crossed the line into Battle Land once more, there was an immediate and violent order restoring the Army emblem. Whether Doc, who never can remember whether he is a doughboy or a Baptist or what, roared with laughter and stocked up with both insignia for appropriate occasions. For he has learned the great lesson of the front—which he probably had intuits when he worked among the lepers—the lesson that most things don't matter.

LOST ENGINEERS NURSE DOUGHBOY UNDER HUN'S NOSE

Continued from Page 1

counted three, and tossed them at the German gun crew nearby.

The grenades exploded, there was a shriek in German, and the two Engineers, the wounded man stumbling between them, were off toward the American lines. A dozen machine guns rattled behind them and on either side, but they were unhurt. They plunged into the Vesle, struggled across, and were safe.

In their five days of seclusion, Morrissey and Schultz had learned the habits and night-time whereabouts of several machine gun crews, some of whom didn't go north with their companions when the Germans decided they didn't like the climate of the Vesle, not to speak of the two whose bodies were found beside the machine gun at which Morrissey had tossed the grenades.

BIG NEW YORK CROPS

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Sept. 12.—New York State promises immense crops this autumn, thanks to the aid of the farmer-ettes, the tractors, and the male farm volunteers.

PRESIDENT TO BOOM LOAN

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Sept. 12.—President Wilson will make a three weeks' tour of the United States on behalf of the Fourth Liberty Loan. He may go as far as the Pacific Coast.

MARNE ANNIVERSARY OBSERVED AT MEAUX

Wreaths Are Presented by Gen. Pershing and "The American Soldier"

The fourth anniversary of the First Battle of the Marne was celebrated last Sunday with great pomp and circumstance on the field where the fabric of modern civilization was saved from destruction.

Church and State shared in an observance which had as its focal point the ancient town of Meaux, from whose high and weather-beaten cathedral tower you can see the immortal battlefield in panorama and follow in its winding course the waters of the Marne.

In the groups that made the pilgrimage, in the flags and emblems everywhere displayed, and in the wreaths laid in tribute on some of the graves which fly the tricolor in that tragic valley, all the free people of the world were represented. "To the Heroes of the Marne" was the legend on the wreath which bore the name of General John J. Pershing. Another wreath, laid in the choir of the cathedral, was inscribed: "In memory of the soldiers of France who, in giving their lives at the First Battle of the Marne, saved the free nations of the world." This tribute was signed simply: "The American Soldier."

Services in Cathedral

The celebration began with the services at 10 o'clock in the Meaux cathedral, which was transformed with flags and flowers. Some of the battle-scarred sister cathedrals of the war were represented in the persons of the Bishop of Soissons and the Bishop of Arras. It was the Bishop of Arras who, in the course of the solemn hymn to the victory of the Marne which he was summoned to chant, saluted eloquently all those who have since entered upon the great crusade, saluted "the wise and firm president of the great American Republic, whose young flag has placed its noble ideal beside the veteran banners of Europe and cast its stars, God's own stars, into the battle of light against darkness, of civilization against barbarism."

At noon, inside the cathedral, with the Bishop of Meaux, a great luncheon followed by notable speeches, was held in the Salle des Fêtes in the Hôtel de Ville, also attended by many distinguished visitors from the Allied Armies and the various diplomatic corps. Then, throughout the afternoon, there were pilgrimages over the battlefield, with the crowds coming from the four corners of the world to such shrines as Marcy, Esplan, Villers, and Chantilly.

PHONES MUST STAY PUT

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Sept. 12.—The Postmaster General's order prohibiting extensions of telephone service and the installation of new phones promptly started astute financiers to work offering to transfer their existing telephone leases to others for fat profits. Their dreams of wealth have been shattered by a new order refusing to permit such transfers.

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MANY WOMEN WIN IN NEW YORK PRIMARIES

Fifteen Gain Nominations on Democratic and G.O.P. Tickets

WHITMAN LEAD IS 150,000

Kentucky Governor Out for Senatorship—Row Over Michigan Campaign Expenditures

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Sept. 12.—Attorney-General Merton E. Lewis of New York was snowed under in the Republican primaries by Governor Whitman who won the gubernatorial nomination by over 150,000 votes.

Governor Whitman also stands a good chance of having won the Prohibition nomination, owing to the support thrown to him at the last moment by the Prohibition leaders. He carried practically every county in the State, and several which had been considered sure for Lewis gave Whitman two to one.

Albert E. Smith won the Democratic nomination for governor. Politicians generally concede that the women's vote played a big part in both party primaries throughout the State, especially in Kings and Albany counties. Albany County, controlled by William Barnes, and conceded to Lewis by at least 10,000, was carried by him with less than 2,000, largely owing to the drive by the women against Barnes and Lewis.

Republicans nominated four women and the Democrats eight for the State Assembly. One woman got a nomination for Congress, and the Republicans and Democrats nominated one woman each for the State Senate. Albany, Monroe, Niagara, Schoenectady, St. Lawrence, Westchester, Orleans, Saratoga and Ulster nominated woman candidates for the Assembly.

Women's Council in G.O.P.
The Republicans have organized a women's national council, to act with the Republican National Committee, headed by Mrs. McMill McCormick of Illinois as chairman. The other members are Miss Mary Garrett Hay, New York; Mrs. Florence Colliers Porter, California; Mrs. W. A. McCarter, Kansas; Mrs. Josephine Collins Preston, Washington; Mrs. Raymond Robins, Illinois.

Governor Stanley of Kentucky has appointed Georges Brown Martin of Catletburg to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Olie James. There is a row in Michigan over the expenditures in the campaign to win the Republican nomination for United States Senator for Truman H. Newberry against Henry Ford. The Newberry campaign committee has filed an official statement showing an expenditure of \$176,000, and stating that it was spent mostly for publicity.

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NO SPEED, LIMIT AT SHRAPNEL CORNER

Signboard at Death Bend Says: "Don't Stop to Think It Over"

Humor may have its place, but so far no one has arisen to say that the boundaries of that place do not include the first line trenches.

Up near the Vesle, at a point which isn't as near the front as it used to be, one of the main roadways, after stealing up a valley, runs out of concealment suddenly and rounds the exposed end of a hill. Until a few days ago this hill was under the direct and constant observation and fire of Boche guns. It was a bad place to be—as was attested by a sign hanging from the limb of a battered and denuded tree.

"DEATH BEND, FRANCE," announced the sign, "SHRAPNEL CORNER." Below were these road directions: "BLIGHTY"—with an arrow pointing toward the front—"3 kilometers." "NOHUN"—with an arrow pointing rearward—"3 kilometers." "ROMP"—with another arrow ditto—"5.000 kilometers." "BUT DON'T," concluded the sign, "STOP HERE TO THINK IT OVER."

Have you a **VEST POCKET KODAK?** If so you must buy the "ADAPTE-PLAQUE B.S." (patented), the latest Novelty, which enables you to use plates. **TIRANTY, 91 Rue Lafayette, PARIS**
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Has opened reading, writing and rest rooms at 3 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.
These rooms are open daily from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. and all Soldiers and Sailors of the Allied Forces are cordially welcome at all times. The Christian Science Monitor, other publications of the Society, the Bible and the Text Book of Christian Science, "Science and Health" with "Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy, will be furnished free by the Committee to any Soldier or Sailor of the Allied Armies upon request. 3 AVENUE DE L'OPERA.

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THE 'TANK COMMANDER'

We caused 'some' stir among our boys when we first rumbled up, but we created more stir when we had a look round Fritz's sleeping quarters. They thought anything we produced was a 'washout,' but we caught them napping for once. 'Egbert,' as my Tank is nicknamed, acts as a tonic upon our boys, and with a good cig, say an 'Army Club' for choice, we can go anywhere and over anything.

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NEW A.S.C. ADOPTS STRAY UNITS OF TROOPS IN FRANCE

Corps Just Formed Takes
in Lonely Detachments
of Special Services

DEPARTMENT TO BE LARGER

Prisoner of War Companies, War
Risk Section, Cement Workers
in New Branch

The orphaned units of the A.E.F.—those detachments of troops that have been serving apart at highly specialized tasks and connected only incidentally by the report system with one of the recognized Army departments, such as the Q.M.C.—have come under the wing of a new parent.

The Army Service Corps is now officially a part of the A.E.F. under G.O. 38, Hqs., S.O.S., and the following parts of the Army which hitherto have been suffering from the nobody-loves-us feeling are designated as composing the new corps.

Headquarters Battalion, S.O.S.
Headquarters Detachment, Renting,
Requisition and Claims Service.

Headquarters Detachment, Central
Prisoner of War Enclosure.

Prisoner of War Escort Companies.

Administrative Labor Companies.

Labor Bureau.

War Risk Section.

Cement Mills Companies.

List Will Grow Longer

The main object of the grouping of all these branches in the new corps is the gain in administrative efficiency.

The list of adopted children of the Army Service Corps is going to grow longer, the general order promises.

The transfer of other organizations and services to the new corps will be announced from time to time.

The organization of detachments of the A.S.C. for specific duties will be authorized as occasion requires.

Many activities now included under the Q.M.C. may eventually come under the A.S.C.

The A.S.C. of the British Army handles the distribution of food supplies, and as one of its tasks conducts the canteen system of the B.E.F., a system that has reached high development, with the canteens at bases, hospitals, and front line points stocked almost as fully as a high grade grocery or delicatessen shop in peace times.

S.O.S. Headquarters officers point to the prisoner of war companies and the labor companies as illustrating the detachment of many organizations from the big departments of which they had been nominally a part.

The soldiers guarding the prisoners of war are usually stationed at isolated P.W. camps.

In the case of the labor companies, seven or eight non-commissioned officers may be stationed at some out-of-the-way post in charge of several hundred Chinese laborers or stevedores from our own South.

Big Demand for Cement

The Cement Mills companies operate mills to produce cement for the army, and their work has assumed unusual importance as the demand for cement in making gun emplacements, pill boxes and dugouts for the American Army grows.

The War Risk Section and the detachments of the Renting, Requisition and Claims Service also have tasks that differ radically from the general lines of any of the old departments.

The Headquarters Battalion of the S.O.S. illustrates how a unit may suffer from loneliness even in the midst of the biggest Army center.

This unit is in charge of the maintenance of the big buildings which house all the great departments of the Army's S.O.S.

Enlisted men of the organizations grouped in the A.S.C. keep their present grades in the transfer.

Y.M. SECRETARIES

TO BE EXAMINED

Men Between 21 and 31

Found Fit Must Enter

Service

In line with its policy "not to retain or allow to enter into its service secretaries of draft age unless they hold Army medical certificates rejecting them for active Army service on the ground of physical disability," the Y.M.C.A. has ordered all secretaries between 21 and 31 to present themselves at once to the nearest Army medical officer for examination.

Those unwilling to submit to examination will be returned to the States at once. All those examined and passed will be given 30 days in which to enlist, and after that period, if they have not enlisted, they will be returned to the United States.

The order applies to clergymen as well as other secretaries. Clergymen, if they desire it, will be assisted to enlist as chaplains.

Secretaries who obtain exemption certificates on grounds of physical disability may remain in the service of the Y.M.

The order does not concern secretaries between 31 and 45. Concerning the status of these latter, steps are now being taken by the organization, and they are urged to remain at their posts until further notice.

BREWERIES TO CLOSE DEC. 1

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

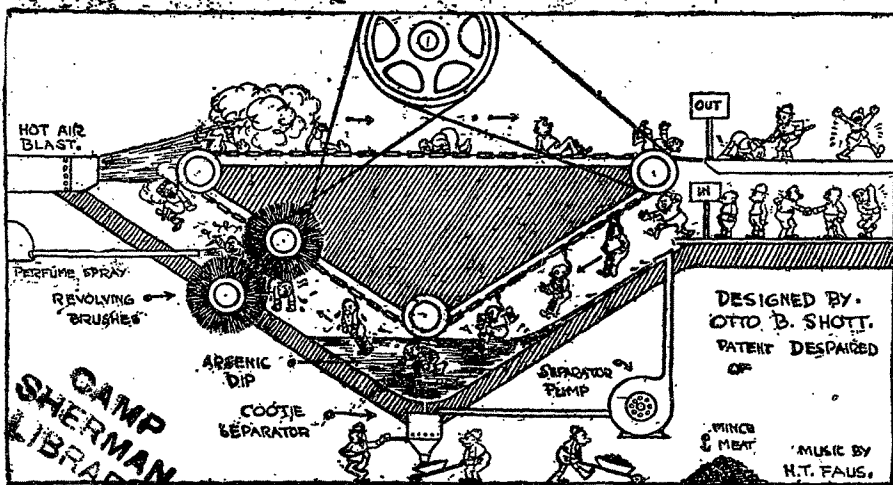
AMERICA, Sept. 12.—The Administration has issued a decree that all breweries must close December 1, and has warned manufacturers of other drinks, including soft drinks, that the demand for labor, transportation, fuel and material by war industries probably will cut down their output.

The Senate Agricultural Bill with the dry rider is still in conference in the House, but drink loyalists entertain faint hopes of anything fatal or moistening happening.

The Senate has adopted without roll call a resolution authorizing the President to establish dry zones around mines, shipyards, munition and other war plants. Since it is pretty difficult nowadays to walk more than a block without butting into some kind of a war plant, this resolution alone would suffice to speckle the country with dry spots.

Virtue is its own reward in this case, for we lose \$400,000,000 from internal revenue by stopping beer.

WELL, MAYBE THEY'LL DO IT THIS WAY YET



SCANDAL DUG UP IN ORPHAN FUND, JEAN IS GUILTY

Lucienne's Forty Francs a
Month Helps to Feed
Hungry Doughboys

SEVEN MORE ARE ADOPTED

Mother Back in States Takes Two
in Honor of Her Own Boys
Fighting Here

TAKEN THIS WEEK	
S.S.U. — Convoys Autos	1
Co. D. — Engrs.	1
Mrs. W. L. Shafer, Potomac, Pa.	1
Miss M. S. Calvert, Jersey Shore, Pa.	1
Co. E. — Inf.	1
Miscellaneous Fund	1
Previously adopted	488
Total	496

Between the cup and the lip—etc.

Also, by the same token, there is many a slip between expending something over 40 francs a month on a French war orphan and keeping tabs on where the money goes or, at least, where go the things that the money buys.

Company G, Engineers, will be duly shocked at the disclosure of an investigation made into the domestic affairs of their war orphan mascot by the Red Cross committee charged with supervising the expenditure of funds collected for the A.E.F. war orphans through THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Company G's orphan has—but here is the scandal in full.

Little Lucienne Riedacher is six years old. In 1914 the Germans took possession of her home and birthplace, and a few months later she, her brother Jean, a year older, and her mother were shipped, with a trainload of other refugees, westward into France beyond the ken of the invader.

Father Dies Fighting

In 1915 her father, fighting staunchly at the front, was killed. Lucienne's mother came to work and earned enough to support herself and children until last spring, her health impaired, she could work no more.

This summer, fatherless, homeless, the outlook for the future of the Riedacher children and their mother could not but look dismal. And then, suddenly, it changed. Lucienne was selected as one of the mascots of the A.E.F. Company G, Engineers, adopted her and 40-odd francs a month began to come in regularly.

By the third month Lucienne and her brother were going to school and their mother, whether mental relief or good fortune was being expended to do with it or not, was almost completely recovered and had started to work again.

It was a week or so ago that a Red Cross representative visited the Riedacher home. Yes, the money contributed by the godfathers was being expended all upon Lucienne, so much for a dress, so much for a hair ribbon, so much for a new pair of shoes. It all was spent upon Lucienne except—what went to provide a joint lunch for the children at school. Jean shared that lunch, as a sort of an invitee guest of his sister.

But the worst of the situation was that he wouldn't eat the lunch—couldn't be made to. He gave it away. He had been giving his lunch, which consisted of chocolate and bread and now and then a piece of meat, away every day and it couldn't be stopped. Then the mother explained.

Americans Pass Through

Americans had been moving through the little town in which they lived, Truckload after truckload had passed through the little village. Every day there had been a procession and every day little Jean had taken his share of the lunch—and as much of his sister's as he could talk her out of—and given it to the Americans. Even now, when he was on the job and, as the trucks passed, he ran out and, with an enthusiastic explanation which the recipients never understood, presented them with his lunch. And the doughboys—with never an orphan of their own, like as not—took the lunch, invariably, and ate it.

Many words have been expended upon Jean, explaining that he has no right to distribute the bread which Company G's hard earned money buys and act as mess sergeant for the whole Army.

"The Americans must be hungry, for they always eat it," he says. "And you can't combat an argument like that."

Seven more orphans were enrolled in the A.E.F. family this week, three of them becoming the proteges of persons in the States. Mrs. W. L. Shafer of Potomac, Pa., who has two sons in the Army in France, and a son-in-law in the Navy, adopted two orphans in their honor, and Miss M. S. Calvert, of Jersey Shore, Pa., became a marraine to one.

The rest of the adoptions were from scattered A.E.F. units with the exception of one made from the Miscellaneous fund, made up of fractional contributions to which the following additions, during the last three weeks are acknowledged with thanks:

Pvt. R. J. Rath, 50 francs; George E. Voorhees, 125; M. G. Bn., 5.00 francs; Pvt. Merton Lamb, 7 francs; Elsie Willard F. Walker, \$28.00; Berthold Parker, Y.M.C.A., 5 francs, and W. G. Turner, Mechanicsville, N.Y., \$2.60 francs.

HINDENBURG LINE IS PIERCED ON FLANKS

British in North, French in
South Break Strongest
Resistance

ALLIES CLOSE ALL ALONG

Germans, Losing Seven-Eighths of
Gains, Have Big Job Explaining
Disaster at Home

The week that ended Wednesday, September 11, saw the British and French still advancing, in the face of increasing resistance, until they had in many cases regained the positions from which they were driven in March and in still others have gone beyond them.

The Allied front now roughly parallels the Hindenburg line, from which its average distance, from west of Cambrai to the turn southwest of Laon, is between 3 and 4 kilometers. In the north, however, the British have already gone through the Hindenburg position on a front of 20 kilometers, and in the south, east of Compiègne, the French are also across it along a stretch of 7 kilometers. It is at these extremes of the line that the enemy has been resisting with greatest stubbornness.

The retreat from the Vesle is being carried out with equal stubbornness. Americans are here continuing to cooperate in the pursuit of the retreating Hun.

What Germans Still Hold

To regard the recent series of attacks as a finished operation simply because the communications are once again recording only reciprocal artillery activity would be to view the strategic position falsely, but it is fair to summarize here the results they have achieved, even though forecasts are not in order.

The Germans still retain, of the miles of terrain won in their desperately expensive attacks of March, April, May, June and July, only a narrow strip of ground south of Ypres, another narrow strip from Cambrai to the Forest of St. Gobain, and the valley of the Aisne and the dominating position of the Chemin des Dames behind it.

In figures, this represents probably the relinquishing of seven-eighths, perhaps more, of the ground they won in a series of attacks so tremendous that the German hosts had to stop for breath and a long breath, after each parried lunge.

The defeat has confronted the German High Command with a double quandary, for it has had not only to meet the victorious shock of the Allied advance, but also to explain it somehow as a successful strategic operation on the German side to the people at home.

There is every evidence, however, that the explanations have not got over, and that the gravity of the situation of the German arms is being appreciated inside Germany as it has never been appreciated before.

The Allied forces in Siberia, aiding the Czech-Slovaks, have made steady progress against the Austro-German-Bolshevik troops during the past few days.

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[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, Sept. 12.—Our conse-

quences reduced to gallons equal six mil-

lion gallons of gasoline, according to the

statistical sharp estimate of the sav-

ing by the first motorless Sunday east

of the Mississippi.

Illinois leads with an almost angel-

white soul, having saved 95 per cent of

the gasoline usually burned on a normal

Sunday. Ohio sits close up next to the

throne, with 93 per cent saved. Wis-

consin saved 91 per cent, and a certain

eastern State which shall not be named

further than to say that this dispatch

is filed in it stood 20th of the 25 States,

having saved only 73 per cent.

As the press of this unnamed State

has made gloomy and pessimistic re-

marks about Wisconsin ardor in the

war, this comparative record has hit its

pride hard, and on the second fuel-sav-

ing Sunday the police of a certain large

port on the Atlantic were ordered to

take names and addresses of everybody

who motored. They were ordered to be

very polite and explain that anybody

could motor if he liked, but they got

those names just the same.

Judging from observation of the

busiest motor center in the city, this

little accelerator of conscience produced

results. Many men reported seeing less

than a half dozen motors during the

day, and these were bearing signs ex-

SERVICE INSIGNIA GOING BACK TO Q.M.

Non-Coms Will Hereafter
Wear Chevrons Without
Decorations

Fashion note for sergeants, corporals

and lance jacks: Crossed flags, the eagle

and wheel, the flaming bomb and the

caduceus will not be worn in embroidered

patterns under the chevron on the

right arm in non-com circles this fall.

The insignia of rank of sergeants, corporals

and lance corporals will be eliminated, under

G.O. 24, Hqs., S.O.S.

Medical Department, Q.M.C., Signal

Corps and Ordnance insignia will be

carefully removed from all chevrons

now in possession of troops and turned

in to the nearest Q.M. supply depot. In

future, requisitions for chevrons for the

three grades named will not designate

the arm of service.

This order follows one issued this

spring directing that chevrons be worn

on the right sleeve only.

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1918.

A COOK

Following is the D.S.C. citation of Cook Harry C. Rickett, Inf.:
He maintained his kitchen at Chateau-de-la-Clay, near Villers-Cotteret, France, on July 28-29, 1918, during a bombardment so intense as to drive all other kitchens out of the village. When his stove had to be taken to the rear, he improvised a fire in the ground and continued his work until ordered to leave. He carried water from a spring which was repeatedly shelled when others would not approach it. Unaided, of his own volition, he conducted a first aid station for wounded and exhausted men at his kitchen. Constantly in extreme personal danger from machine gun fire from low flying airplanes and bombardment by high explosive shells, Cook Rickett devoted himself entirely to the needs of others and made possible the care of several hundred wounded, exhausted, and hungry men.
Is there any man on earth too good to be a K.P. in Cook Harry C. Rickett's kitchen?

WHEN IN ROME—

The French people have always been extremely forgiving towards us for our national shortcomings. They do not expect us to grow Frenchified by living and fighting with them.
We do some things differently, both of us. But we, as Americans, could journey nowhere over the globe and find national traits so nearly alike. If we say otherwise, if we think some custom of the French people odd, and if we go about proudly proclaiming that oddity, we not only betray ill breeding, but a quality that the ordinary ill-bred man carries much more about—his show ourselves to be made of small town stuff, though we hail from New York or Chicago or Philadelphia.
No one asks us to become French, even to act French while we are here. But there is one French custom which, as a mark of common respect, we ought to adopt. It is one on which the French feel strongly, one which high and low, rich and poor, honor alike.
Every Frenchman, be he cabinet member or common thief bares his head reverently when the little open hearse passes in a funeral procession. And if the dust in the casket is all that remains of the common thief, the cabinet member will bare his head just the same. It is the final token of respect for all that is good in man.
Is it asking too much to expect that every man in the A.E.F. will make that same sign of reverence whenever the occasion arises? It does not make him conspicuous. Failure to do so does.

WHAT IT MEANS

The President is speaking. He has just signed the new man-power bill calling into the draft all Americans between the ages of 18 and 45. "We solemnly purpose a decisive victory of arms and deliberately devote the larger part of the military man power of the nation to the accomplishment of that purpose."
It is a statement that rings round the world. It means death to the hopes of the pacifists, death to the schemes after an inconclusive peace, death to German autocracy.

It means that America and her Allies will fight on until victory for world liberty is won.

It means that America has set her hand to a task from which recall will not be sounded until the Allied flags of Right have triumphed over the banners of Teutonic Darkness.

STAY WITH IT, OLD MAN

The Crown Prince seems to be struggling with a man-size idea. It is, apparently, too big for him to assimilate all at once, but the where-withal to aid this mental digestion is at hand and there is hope that he will grasp it in the not too distant future. The Crown Prince has confirmed the suspicion which has been gaining credence lately—that Germany is fighting on the defensive.

The fact that the Crown Prince is able to review the disaster of his personally conducted July 15 offensive, look at the map of recent Allied gains, receive the news of the now daily German retreat, and make the deduction that Germany is on the defensive is a triumph of reasoning of which the whole Hohenzollern family should be proud.

The prince qualifies his conclusion with the statement that the German situation isn't precarious. He still sees victory ahead. He talks like a 35-year-old pugilist has been who still thinks he can lick the world's champion.

If the prince is cautious, though, and doesn't go too fast to overtax his imperial brain, he may follow the train of reasoning to a logical end and attain the conclusion—also gaining credence lately—that Germany's situation is precarious—and extremely likely to get worse.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

The casualty list is the nation's roll of honor. It is not a "feature" designed to boom newspaper circulation.

We feel constrained to state this perfectly obvious fact because in a current newspaper trade journal we find Mr. Frank S. Newell, circulation manager of the Cincinnati Post, quoted as saying that as the casualty list "has a certain

news value which in turn produces a certain circulation increasing value, I think every circulation manager should insist upon having a definite place for the list every day."

Every American newspaper worth the name prints the casualty list of course as part of its duty toward the nation it serves. Any newspaper which looks at the casualty list merely as a revenue-getter had better shut up shop, for it is not American, nor human, but merely sordid to the point of shamelessness.

THE CZECHO-SLOVAKS

Except to those who had been following the progress of the gallant Czechoslovaks in Siberia as they battled for our common cause against German and Bolshevik, the news that the United States had formally recognized the Czechoslovak nation meant but little.
Forced against their will to take up arms for the hated tyrant, Austria, the Czechs and Slovaks made prisoners by the Russians saw in the revolution of last year a chance to take their part in the struggle for world liberty. Today they constitute an important factor in the shaping of our campaign in the Far East.

Deprived of their independence since the Battle of the White Mountain in 1620—the very year when the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth—the Czechoslovaks of the provinces of Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia and Silesia, though hedged in by Germans and Magyars who hated and oppressed them, have never ceased to keep before their eyes the vision of a nation once again its own master, worthy of the glorious past when it held all Europe at bay for 20 years—when its beautiful capital, "Golden Prague," with its famed university, was the shining light of middle Europe. The nation had the liberal aspirations of its own John Huss, renowned as a champion of political as well as of religious freedom. This vision was before them when, during the present war, at a time when things looked dark for the Allied cause, they made their great declaration in the face of Austrian persecution.
"We take," said the Czechoslovaks, "the side of the fighting Slav nations and their Allies, without regard to victory or defeat, because right is on our side."
As comrades we welcome them into the great and goodly partnership of those who fight for the right of all nations, great and small, to decide their own destinies, to shape their own futures.

UNION

A woman of the North who has spent many years in the South has this to say in a personal letter that has just come to France:

"I am glad that I was here when the war broke. You see, a Yankee still had a cloven hoof and a spiked tail, down here in Arkansas. But the war has done what years had failed to do and done it in a matter of months. This country is just one flame of loyalty. Here and there is a draft dodger or a slacker or a disloyal utterer, but his shrift is short. 'Our flag, our country!'—this from women whose fathers and grandfathers fought for the stars and bars.
"Arkansas farmers went to Ohio, to Iowa, to Illinois and Wisconsin this summer on better farming trips. They wrote to the papers about it afterwards. Not only splendid farmers, but most hospitable. Treated us royally. Agreeably surprised. Want to go again."
"And now the women don't want to call our soldiers Sammys. 'The boys just hate it,' said one the other day, secretary of the local U.D.C. 'It is such a sissy name! They're YANKS, that's what they are. That sounds like a man. We're all YANKS, everyone of us today.'"
"The Arkansas Gazette, the most influential paper in the State, uses that formerly hated word in the headlines, adopts it, glories in it. Yes, we've got a country now."

LISTEN TO THE BAND

The decision that the Army's bandmen are not to be used as stretcher bearers, except in cases of extreme urgency, was not made at the bandmen's request.

It does not mean that conductors, clarinetists and bass drummers are too good to carry their wounded comrades off the field. Nobody is too good for that.

It must be remembered that these musicians came into the Army as musicians. If everyone in O.D. were used only at his peace time occupation, there would be no one to bear arms. The musicians, however, are in the service designedly to make music, because music has a definite military value, because music is an essential part of the Army's spiritual equipment, and is so recognized by those whose business it is to build up a fighting force to the maximum of effectiveness.

OVERCHARGING

The A.E.F. knows and appreciates the fact that authorities of the French Government, as well as local officials in centers where many American troops are stationed, are doing all in their power to prevent exorbitant charges for goods sold to soldiers.

It is a condition to which the soldier is peculiarly sensitive, not so much because he objects to the extra sons or francs, but because they hate to be played for a sucker.

For the sake of France, it is only fair to say that it is a condition that is not peculiar to any one country.

Overcharging in towns and cities near the great cantonments in the States has grown to the proportions of a nation-wide scandal. A camp paper in the Middle West, a copy of which has just reached this side, devotes its front page to an account of a running fight between its editor, a lieutenant, and the local chamber of commerce, which denied the figures used in comparing town prices with those that prevailed at the post exchange and Q.M. stores. The town figures were secured by two privates who visited the town and entered every store catering to soldiers with a payday look on their faces.

The great god Greed is not a national divinity.

The Army's Poets

THE MACHINE GUN

Anywhere and everywhere,
It's me the soldier's love,
Underneath a parapet
Or perched above;
Backing up the barrage fire,
And always wanting more;
Chewing up a dozen disks
To blast an enemy corps;
Cracking, splittin', demon-like,
Hent-riven through and through—
Pussy, mussy Lewis gun—
Three heroes for a crew!

Advocate of peace am I,
Which name some won't admit;
Say! I'd like to see that crowd
Come out and do their bit!
Out to where the boys have died,
That peace on earth might come
Sooner than if He above
Had bused His hopes on some!
Whimper not, my friends, when men
Have holy work to do,
Tuning up the Vickers gun—
Three heroes for a crew!

Anywhere and everywhere,
From Loos to Ispahan,
Yankee, Poltu, Tommy's
Been with me to a man.
Pacifist and fighter, too,
I care not where I go,
Crushing, smashing at the lines
That shield the common foe.
Anywhere and everywhere,
Hent-riven through and through—
Pussy, mussy Browning gun—
Three heroes for a crew!
Corp. Albert Jay Cook.

OUR ANSWER

They jeered at us in bitter, scornful rage,
They thought their flaunted strength would
make us yield.
Forgetting that we won our heritage
With brave men's blood on many a battle-
field.
They said our craven sons would not face
death.
They did not know our latent, untamed power;
They held us lightly as a feeble breath—
That comes and goes, forgotten in an hour.
They did not know how rightfully we prize
the liberty for which our fathers bled;
But now they see with anxious, fearful eyes,
A awakened manhood, that was never dead;
Our cannons' roar gives answer to their jeers,
The only answer that the vandals fears.
Pvt. Geo. E. Parker, Inf.

FOR BACK-HOME LEGISLATORS

If the States go prohibition ere the year that
we go home,
And from Oklahoma to Hoboken are done dry,
I will hide my time till muster out; then once
again I'll roam
And across the blooming ocean I will lie,
But I won't have any revellé aboard the
blooming ship.
Nor a life boat drill whenever there's a
squall.
For by that time all the submarines will sure
have got the pip,
And I won't mind being seasick—not at all!
There's a farm not far from Somewhere, where
we used to grow our time,
And I know that I can buy it for a song;
There are pigs and geese aplenty, and the vil-
lage church's chime
Rings the hours and the quarters all day
long.
But my hanker for the simple life is not be-
cause of these,
But because of thirst—the means which
thirst to quell.
I shall find upon my petite ferme as easy as
breath,
And you bet that I won't find it in the well!
For the farm has vine-clad hill-sides, and its
luscious fruit I'll tend
Till the time is ripe for pressing into vin,
And if I can be patient for a dozen years, I
shall pull off quite some party there—oh,
man!
Let the others marry Daisy, and the rest sing
"Home, Sweet Home."
An honest "Yank" I'll happily remain
If the States go dry and dreary—and be quite
prepared to show 'em
On my vineyard-covered acres in Lorraine!

THE ARDITI

O I ain't a poet or a soldier,
"Though I've forgot 'em a few or two,
And when I'm a wee bit older,
I'll be packin' a gun with you.
But I seen yer bits in the paper
'Bout all them heroes in France,
And, say, side of the guys I've seen down here,
Your heroes ain't got a chance.
I'm talkin' now of the dago bunch—
And it is what they're called.
And they're the reason I gotta hunch,
That the Austrian drive has stalled.
They ain't the nobles of great renown,
Like youse read about in books,
They're the guys from the roughest part of
"down town."
If a feller can judge from looks,
But it's not where they're from or who they
are
That matters a damn just now;
They're helpin' a lot to winnin' the war,
And they're showin' the Austrians how.
When the Fritzies see the Arditi come,
They run like hell for their lives,
For though these dagoes carry no gun,
They have three devilish knives.
With one in his mouth and one in each hand,
I'll bet you're up to the top.
And there isn't a Boche in all Deutschland
Who ain't scared stiff of this wop.
So sing of your heroes who fight for France:
Sing loud, for your success is mine,
But don't sing of the guys you get the chance,
Make room for this song o' mine.
Herbert Henry Darling, Jr.,
A.R.C. Amb. Ser., Milan, Italy.

THE GIRL OF GIRLS

When the war got reached out his talons
And showed me the way to the fray,
My sweethearts shed tears by the gallons—
There was weeping and gnashing that day.
Don't blame them for crying like babies;
I'm surprised they're recovered at all.
'Cause I sure made a hit with the ladies,
Just one look at me and they'd fall.
Take Evelyn or Peggy or Jennie—
They surely were there with the looks,
And I've never regretted a penny
I blew in on flowers and books.
And Mildred—that kid was a thriller,
A complexion like peaches and cream;
She was sweeter than Marilyn Miller,
And Phyllis—oh, boy, what a dream!
And now that I'm over the ocean,
I remember them each by their smile;
But there's one who gets all my devotion,
And I'm thinking of her all the while.
When my clothes need mending and scrubbing,
And only one sock I can find,
And my knickerbockers swollen with rubbing,
Why, Phyllis, you're all from my mind.
My thoughts are for one who is dearer
Than Phyllis or Peggy or Mildred,
Each of these girls seems nearer—
And she's right, but smiling and gay.
Corp. Howard A. Herty,
Co. B, 1st Army Ho.

ODE TO OUR MESS

Do you mind the hard times we were wont to
endure
If wife served up a tough steak;
How shocking we were, said nasty things—
sure.
At the least "overweight" in m's cake?
Disgusted were we with Tony, the Greek,
If his menu lacked aught of variety;
"Same old steak," we would say, week after
week.
For we were fed up to satiety.
But the times, they have changed, opportuni-
ties, too,
And today we could do with some lamb,
And a stew would sniff good, to me and to
you.
You bet, we would all "give a damn!"
He's not a good sport who would set up a
sneak.
We don't want to discourage Fred Kniffin,
In the c's, be it said, the most of us feel,
Old man, your meals they are "spiffin'."
But when we get back and we hit the old
town,
"The hell sure be a hulluva-fuss—
At meal time, when we are getting things
down,
Ma will have to be careful of us.
John K. Smyth, A.F.C.



"to make the peoples of
the world secure against
every such power as German
autocracy represents!"

—Woodrow Wilson

Washington, D.C.,
Sept. 1, '18.

AT A BASE HOSPITAL

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES—
A few remarks heard at one of our new
Base Hospitals:

Patient: "Nurse, tell me what these pills 'll
do: that salmon we had yesterday's 's goner
poison us all."

Nurse: "Huh! I had salmon too. I got
up at 6 a. m. and I'm feeling fine; get up out
of bed and you'll feel better."

Patient No. 2: "I'm goner see the C.O.
about the grub they dish out here and were
supposed to be sick men too. I ain't ate nothin'
in three days now; if they'd gimme my clothes
back, I'd get out of here."

Patient who is able to go for his chow:
"There wuz four files in the plate handed to
me, and when I tried to wash it the mess
sergeant said 'Whaddye means by holdin' up
the line? What that guy needs is promotion
nearer the front.'"

Patient No. 4: "What's that the Cap'n said?
No patient allowed to go fifteen feet from the
ward? I see 'm keepin' 'm tied up in this
place!"

Sick Soldier: "Yep, it's the only place God
made complete—New York."

Patient from near Ohio: "You've never been
to Chicago, I can see that." (and then they
rag one another for the next 'steen minutes.)

Patient: "I'm goner ask for a transfer to
the brig. I might have a little freedom there."

Patient No. 7: "If they keep us here much
longer, they'll have to send us to a hospital!"
(Cheers.)

Patient No. 8: "Nurse, what's good for
pains in the heart?"

Nurse: "A furlough home."

Patient No. 8: "You win."

Patient No. 9: "I know a doctor who would
make a fine horseshoer."

Patient minus toes: "I'd like to see
'em try to dress it without givin' me a shot.
I ain't goner stand for it."

Patient No. 10: "The first three nights I
was here I couldn't sleep. I kept beggin' 'em
to give me a shot, but nothing doing. The
fourth night I fell asleep from sheer exhaus-
tion, and fifteen minutes later the wardmaster
wakes me up and says, 'Here's a sumphin'
that'll put yer to sleep!' And some folks say
'Don't fuss; be the man your mother thinks
you are.'"

Nurse: "Who'll help me carry this mattress
outside?"

Patient minus leg: "I will."

Another person in pajamas: "Nurse, what
class 'm I in, D. C. B. or A?"

Nurse: "What are you trying to do, gold-
brick it?"

A blue patient: "Here I am dyin', and I'll
bet that Jane of mine is doin' Broadway with
some slacker! I don't wish him any hard
luck, but—"

Patient No. 20: "Here comes that
sweepin' detail again!" Bugle sounds in the
distance. "And listen at the bugle calls. I
thought we had graduated from that kind of
war."

Still another patient: "I see they're gettin'
'em from 18 to 45 now; they ought to send
them over too sweet; learnin' squads east
and west ain't goner do 'em a damn bit of
good."

Patient minus arm, in severe pain most of
the time: "Nothing."

We've been through beaucoup hell, and now
we're spending a short vacation in heaven;
yet a soldier must grumble. He always longs
to be where he ain't, and when he gets there,
it's "Where do we go from here, boys?"

The gift edition was received yesterday. We
thank you, all of us.

Sgt. SOL MOSKOW,
M.G. Co., — Inf.

LIBERTY BONDS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES—
I have been hearing recently of soldiers who
wanted to go on leave and who were trying to
sell their Liberty Bonds at bargain counter
prices, some of them offering \$50 bonds for \$40.

The purpose of the Liberty Bonds is to fur-
nish our Uncle Samuel with the money
necessary to win the war. A man could put
a million dollars into second-hand Liberty
Bonds at 20 per cent discount, and he would
not have furnished one cent to help win the
war, for the simple reason that Uncle Samuel
had already received the money for those
bonds, and it is a foregone conclusion that
the man who has sold them at a loss of \$10
on each bond is not going to take the money
and buy more bonds at par from the Govern-
ment.

Back home the man who charges two cents
a pound too much for sugar is called a prof-
iteer.

And held up to the scorn of the whole
community by having his shop closed and huge
placards tacked up announcing why. Wouldn't
the man, then, who has money to put into Lib-
erty Bonds, but instead of buying them in the
right way, takes advantage of another man's
temporary need for money to cheat him out
of \$10 and the Government out of \$50 be a
profiteer, and more?

Don't you think that if the matter were
put before the men in this light it would do
much to stop the practice? If so, is there
any better way to do it than through the
columns of the "home paper"? You know, in
a new town everybody reads the home paper,
and "Somewhere," France, is a comparatively
new town.

DARRELL G. HUGHES, A.E.F.

HE LIKES "AMEX"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES—
The other day I received a letter from a
French girl who had asked me what name I
preferred in place of the much condemned
"Sammy." I told her I preferred "Amex," and
very prettily she pointed out that "Amex" is
so much like the French word "amis," meaning
friends.

Let us adopt "Amex"; it stands for all
America has sent forth to win her battles.
"Yank" is virile enough, but as the French
girl put it, before the war it was used in a
sort of contempt, "as rough as a Yankee." Do
you get the point?

Pvt. MEYER AGES, M.D., — Engrs.

"Amex" failed to get over, probably be-
cause it was so obviously a manufactured
word, even more so than "Sammy." Yank
is not only virile, but it has stuck. The simile,
"as rough as a Yankee," which very likely
was a pretty well-deserved rebuke to the rap-
acious tourist whose absence from France is
now so happily noticeable—did not gain gen-
eral currency, perhaps for the reason that it,
too, was manufactured. It is interesting in
this connection to note that the French-Can-
adians have a verb, *ya yankefer*, which means
"to become a Yankee." Thus, if *jeant yankefé*
would be translated, "He has gone to live in
the United States."—EDITOR.

IMPERISHABLE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES—
While occupying a quiet sector a young officer
and I were wandering about the trenches
and thinking of far off home. Presently we
came to a spot where we could look out into
No Man's Land and not be seen, and there
were growing there some beautiful blue flowers,
ignorant of war and apparently happy and
contented.

We decided to have them, and so crawled
out and picked them, and later in letters we
sent them home with their own little story.
Mine went to Pennsylvania, and the other
officer's flowers went to far off Texas.

The following little poem came back from
Texas to the other officer from his dear mother.
It is no other than a loving mother who could
place these words together, and if they mean
anything to you, you are privileged to pub-
lish them.

Blue columbine from far-off France,
Sent me, my son, by you;
It takes me overseas, lad,
This bit of blooming blue.

I see you now 'mid battle scenes—
My heart keeps close to you.
It forms another link between—
This bit of blooming blue.

And now when skies are downcast,
With clouds gray through and through,
I'll still have this from out the past—
A bit of blooming blue.

Lt. L. N. D. MITCHELL, — M.G. Bn.

FROM SAN ANTONIO

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES—
It is with the greatest pleasure that I send
you a few words of greetings from San An-
tonio, the town that loves all soldiers. Hav-
ing a dear son in France makes THE STARS
AND STRIPES doubly dear to me. He sends
it to me each week.

We people of the U.S.A. are going to paste
the Kaiser with W.S.S. the 25th of this month
and Texas alone is going over the top with
\$81,000,000 worth, and if he is not "stuck up"
well enough to holler quits, we will double
the dose.

Of all the papers and magazines that come
to me, there is none so dear as THE STARS
AND STRIPES, as it diminishes the distance
between us and the boys, "Somewhere," and
"Everywhere," in France.

Mrs. W. C. FAULK,

San Antonio, Tex.

STILL ON THE JOB

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES—
It seems proper that your paper should
bring to the attention of members of the Amer-
ican R.P. the advisability of warning their
friends back in the States not to swallow any-
thing and everything in the shape of disquiet-
ing rumors and to avoid writing to Americans
in France letters which will be likely to de-
press them. Warning might also be given
against repeating "line tips," rumors of the
"ain't it awfl" type, etc.

Not only adults but school-children should be
given to understand that when the circulation
of such matter comes to their notice, they
should trace it to its source, or as near there
as practicable, and if the offending party does
not promise to quit, or a stranger or known
enemy sympathizer is involved, the matter
should be reported to the nearest United
States attorney, or to the Department of Jus-
tice at Washington. While the bulk of the
country is without a doubt enthusiastically
back of the Allied cause, the German propa-
gandists are still on the job, and unrelaxed
vigilance is the duty of everyone.

A few days ago I received a letter from a
village in the center of the hunting grounds
of a certain organization in the Northwest
which shows the result of local neglect in such
matters. Absolutely no question of German
ancestry or intentional disloyalty is involved
in this case. In addition to purely personal
matter, and in a total of less than 600 words,
the following points were covered:

1. Regret at my coming to France.
2. Belief that my wife misses me more than
I realize or she will admit.
3. Inability of women to understand "man's
thought."
4. Statement that "over 6,000 have now died
in training camps in the United States."
5. Mention of the funeral of one of the first
boys to leave the village for camp.
6. Fear that my brother-in-law will fall an
easy prey to pneumonia.

7. "Saw in a paper" that a writer in China
pronounced the pneumonia cases in the
camps to be "a form of the old black death
that they had in the 15th century."
8. Our being in the war indicates deficient
civilization and lack of Christianity.
9. Inability to comprehend that good may
come from the present war.

10. Argument against barring German lan-
guage from the public schools.
It is almost entirely by the vigilance of in-
dividuals in their everyday conversation and
correspondence that the efforts of enemy agents
to undermine the morale of the nation can be
neutralized. Members of the American R.P.
who are at loss to find something censor-proof
to write in their letters cannot put this matter
up to their home folks any too strongly.

T. J. MEAN,

Office Chief Engineer.

Office Chief Engineer.

Office Chief Engineer.

Office Chief Engineer.

Office Chief Engineer.

HERE AND THERE IN THE S.O.S.

From feeding the fires on one of those freight hogs which go pounding past the snow lines over the divide of the Rockies to the throat of an army locomotive chugging along the valley of the Loire—this is the change war brought to Roger Bowers, of Laramie, Wyoming, whose life had been bounded by the Mississippi and the Great Salt Lake up until the time when he came to France a year ago.

Roger Bowers was the first American soldier to drive a locomotive in France, and today, after one year on his 48-hour run between a base and the interior, he is famed through the length and breadth of the Loire Valley.

For Roger Bowers has a friend every crossing and every siding stop. Every Frenchman in the railroad yards and on the French trains knows the tall and thin chauffeur américain with the sandy hair, freckled face and wide mouth, whose Adam's apple is the wonderment of the countryside in the frankness with which he roams about on his neck above the Army shirt. They like his smile and the way he has grafted his Wyoming drawl on to the French language.

The men in the fields and the women in the farmhouses know the time when his big engine will come rolling along and they wave their hands to him, and he waves back or answers with the whistle. Or maybe he starts the whistling for back from a curve, and madame in her kitchen and all the garçons and les petites hastily come out of the doorway and start down for the sliding with their arms full of apples and pears and cakes and bunches of grapes. It's a lucky fireman who travels with Roger Bowers.

At Transportation Department Headquarters they tell of the day an American engineer took an American locomotive and American freight cars equipped with air brakes out on the line and ran at full speed toward a block set against him. Up toward the stopping place a half dozen French yard-men stopped amazed as the big locomotive came on with unchecked speed. They were astonished as the train showed no signs of slowing up.

The engineer had a glimpse of them dancing and waving their arms frantically as he put on the air and brought the train to the usual stop in front of the block.

For some time thereafter that engineer had the reputation of a madman, until the Frenchmen found out it was only mechanism that had stopped the train so quickly.

A prince of Prussia—genuineness guaranteed—who had rapt his way through Munich or Heidelberg, bullied poor old cobblers and kept up generally the standing of his house, four hundred ruffled, but in a camp of German officers, somewhere in the S.O.S. zone.

An American captain, an engineering designer, who had been born in Switzerland and spoke German perfectly, was trying to extract military information from the line of prisoners taken at last the night of the royal lieutenant.

"Guten morgen, lieutenant," observed the American officer pleasantly.

The Prussian made a noise deep down in his throat, and his lips shook with a rolling, guttural exclamation of disgust.

"Address me as 'Your Royal Highness,'" his chair roared the captain. "How dare you address a superior officer in that manner? Remember you are only a lieutenant."

The interview proceeded satisfactorily.

The Q.M.C. is shaking hands with itself again on this cargo-saving stunt. They're leaving the soup bones behind in the United States now, and refrigerator vessels are bringing tons of boneless beef to France. The experiment has worked very well, although dubious cooks think the next plan may be to send all fresh ground hamburger steak.

Pigs and finance have taken hold of the imaginations of the officers at S.O.S. headquarters. The Wallingford group of the man who had all figured out that by missing rats and cats on one farm, slaughtering them for their pelts, and feeding the rats on the cats and the cats on the rats, in an endless chain system, so that all the promoter would have to do would be to boss a squad of skinkers and keep track of the book-keeping of his bank account, had nothing on the genius behind the S.O.S. pig fund scheme.

The pig fund prospectus sounds like a get-rich-quick advertisement—how to turn 60 francs into 300 francs in a few months. Officers form clubs to buy pigs at 60 francs each. The pigs are kept on the S.O.S. headquarters farms and fed largely on the waste from company kitchens. When they are full-grown and fattened the Q.M.C. buys them at 300 francs each, and the money goes into the mess fund.

The best part of it is that the companies get the dressed pigs as part of their meat ration.

The people who know just how "we" did it, just what officer was "a bum to do like he done," just what officer or man "had it" when the pinch came, just how the plan of attack could have been bettered and what a shame it was "we" had to dig in where we did when we had 'em on the run and could have pushed 'em right on to Saengerkrautland, etc., etc., are the hospital orderlies and nurses.

They hear nothing else from morning to night, and they're always coming back for more.

The three of them were going on leave, and anxious to save as much as possible of their three-days' going-down time. They were traveling on an accommodation train which didn't go very fast anyway and which, on this particular day, was continually being shunted and shoved aside to allow other trains to pass.

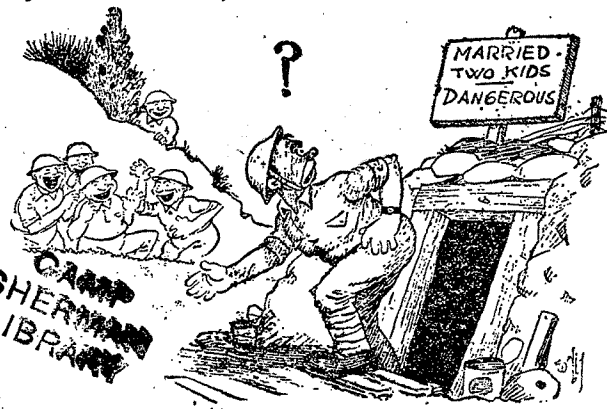
"Drop trains, trains full of ravitaillement, trains full of ammunition, of motor parts, of gun carriages, of clothing, of everything whizzed past the open window of their compartment. Finally, after a particularly long wait, they heard the engine toot."

With a sigh of "At last we're off," they sank back against the cushions, only to be brought up with a jerk as the train was halted again. And on past them sped a train composed exclusively of vats and barrels, barrels and vats, the labels on which left no doubt as to the fluid contained therein.

"Hell fire and damnation!" stormed the grumpiest of the three. "I don't mind being considered inferior to a horse, or a field kitchen, or a bunch of shels, or a load of hay, or even a mule. But, by the jumping Judas, when they put you down as lower than vin rouge, I call that laying it on a bit too thick!"

HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

SHOWING THAT YOU ARE CONSIDERED GUILTY OF MATRIMONY UNTIL YOU ARE PROVED INNOCENT



"Some guy had put a sign up over my dugout"

Dear pal Henry: Well Henry, if the colonel took all the top sergeants of this regiment out here somewhere and auctioned them off I wouldn't give dees soos for the best one he has got. And what's more Henry if I was made a top cutter tomorrow morning at 8 a. m. by 8:10 a. m. I would be finished. I would hang myself or go out where a German sniper could plug me.

Henry since I come back from the casual camp I been insulted a dozen times I bet. Henry I'm a married man and I got 2 kids and I ain't been sending my wife any allotment and I didn't take no insurance out for her and she owes a grocery bill and a milk bill which she can't pay because of that.

Now Henry if I ever married anybody it would be Maggie and I guess I ain't got no show there anymore since that old shacker hick lawyer Timmons is taking her to dances and everything since I been over here in France. And you know Maggie ain't got no kids and don't owe no milk bill etc. If she has got 2 kids Henry she must have had twins all at once and I ain't to blame for it.

Yesterday Henry the top calls me into his dugout and says hey what you trying to pull off anyhow. Ain't you ever going to send that poor little wife of ours anything to live on. Why in hell ain't you made her an allotment etc, and a lot of other things like that.

Well Henry I nearly fell over dead. I ain't got no wife I says.

Don't lie to me the top says. You cough up up a price. And I'll take about ten years growth out of you. Then he shoved a allotment blank out for me to fill out.

Now Henry can you imagine that dam bully making me sign away a lot of money to some woman who ain't my wife and whose kids ain't mine. I would see him in hell first Henry.

Well Henry he took me over to the skipper and says to the skipper here's a bum who has got a wife and 2 kids and don't want to give her a red cent. Then he showed the skipper a letter from the war dept, which says I have got a family and that I ain't made no allotment.

What's all this fuss about the skipper says.

It ain't about me I says I ain't got no wife and 2 kids.

Well how many kids have you got then the skipper says one or ten.

Well Henry that was a hell of a way for the skipper himself to talk to me. I

MOTORCYCLES AID IN SPEEDING D.S.C.

Division Commanders May
Bestow Cross on Seriously Wounded

Division commanders whose troops are in the line will be given a supply of Distinguished Service Crosses as one step in the plan announced in G.O. 144 to expedite the award and presentation of the decoration.

More than that, immediately after any considerable action, recommendations in the most worthy and well-attested cases deserving the cross will be sent to G.H.Q. by motorcycle message, addressed to the Personnel Bureau direct.

Arrived at G.H.Q. the recommendations will be acted on immediately, and a reply will be sent division commanders either stating that the C-in-C. will himself present the crosses at a specified time within five days or authorizing division commanders to present them at once. All except the most urgent and worthy cases will follow the present rule. In cases where the D.S.C. has been clearly merited and the intended recipient is so seriously wounded as to be in danger of death, the division commander is authorized to award and present the cross in the name of the C-in-C, reporting his action, together with the citation and the number of the cross presented, as soon as practicable.

In all cases a certificate will be sent to G.H.Q., signed by the divisional chief of staff or adjutant general, stating that the cross has been presented and giving the name of each recipient and the number of his cross.

An engraved copy of the citation will be presented each recipient of the Medal of Honor or the D.S.C.

CONTROL POSTS AT WORK

To minimize the misuse of motor vehicles and to assist the Provost Marshal in the enforcement of the orders regarding travel and the use of motor cars for official purposes only, control posts have been established in the Advance Section, S.O.S. and other places. The men in charge of these posts will stop all American motor vehicles, except those occupied by general officers, to make sure that the occupants are traveling under proper authority and have the required identity cards.

The pink pass for drivers of all pneumatic tired vehicles and the identity cards for officers will be required.

A FEAT OF CENSORING

Sergeant David Proctor, of New York, actor and song writer, at present an M.P. in London, has just written a hymn entitled "The Kingdom of God," the words of which are by an aunt. He took the script to an officer to have it looked over for posting to America. Now the title page reads:

"The Kingdom of God." Censored by 2nd Lieut. Joseph Prueger, O.D.

"Thirty-five hundred miles away from home?" remarked a New England sergeant. "Where do they get that stuff? Ain't I getting my doughnuts twice a day right up here in the front?"

AERIAL OBSERVERS KEEP OLD RATINGS

Placed on Equal Footing
With Other Air Service
Officers

Aerial observers, upon successfully completing their training in Air Service schools, are to receive official rating as observers and be recommissioned in the Air Service in the same grades that they held in their own branches of the service, according to Bulletin 63.

This means that observers are placed on a footing of absolute equality with other officers of the Air Service as regards command, promotion and pay.

The observer personnel now attached to the Air Service will be given an opportunity to transfer to the Air Service. Those, however, who prefer to remain in their original arms will continue to serve with the Air Service until they can be replaced by Air Service personnel. The Chief of Air Service must approve applications for return to the original arm.

Observers promoted to grades in their arms above that of captain will be returned to their original organizations or given positions of responsibility in the Air Service suitable to their grades.

Officers in any branch of the Service who desire to be trained as aerial observers are asked to submit applications through proper channels, stating preference for airplane or balloon observation. Commanding officers are asked to endorse on these applications their estimates of the applicants' qualifications.

KEEPING UP WITH MARINES

U.S. Marines in France who are in hospitals or on detached duty should forthwith their names, rank, and state last organizations to which attached, together with present addresses, to the Chief Paymaster, U.S. Marines, A.P.O. 702, in order that they may receive their pay and mail promptly.

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SUNDAY PAPERS ECONOMIZE SPACE

News Concerns Only Facts
of War, With Figures
in Millions

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, Sept. 12.—The newspapers cut down their space Sunday, causing disaster to apartment house janitors, who thereby lose heavily on their opulent Monday revenue from the tons of waste paper, but there was no violent suffering otherwise.

The Sunday papers still had space enough left to print full society items from France, and your charming entertainment of the visiting Germans enables us to miss without a pang the romantic household hints and other thrilling Sunday features.

The newspapers haven't been needing much space anyway. During the past few months this country, except for war work, appears to have become as placid as a cow pasture. There has been almost a total drought of murders, divorces and engaging swindles. The greater part of the newspapers reads like statistical Government reports on ships, coal, steel, money, men, everything in millions, encouraging but bewildering.

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BEST AT HOME

BEST IN FRANCE

WITH THE YANK EN PERM AT AIX-LES-BAINS

The American soldier at leisure has proved himself about as much of a success as the American soldier at the front.

Since the first American leave center was established and opened at Aix-les-Bains, on the edge of the French Alps, along last February, just one man of the thousands who have come, had their stay, and gone, has committed a breach of deportment regulations serious enough to warrant his being returned to his company.

And this man (an ambulance driver) after returning, abandoned his headquarters in No Man's Land, walked back to headquarters and announced that he was a fish, and is now under observation, that his mental condition may be determined. So he, probably, shouldn't be counted.

The behavior of the men who have spent their leaves at Aix has been the most remarkable feature of the rather remarkable plan the American Army has decided upon by which to provide rest places. For nearly half a year now the average run of the American Army has been passing through Aix—largely men fresh from strenuous weeks of hardship and mental strain at the front—and they not only have kept out of punishment, but they have joined the more or less exclusive circles of civilian guests on a basis of equality.

It is not because the where-withal isn't present. The cafes at Aix are as inviting, maybe a little more so—than the cafes in most other parts of France. They keep open a little later, and they are well patronized by visitors, including soldiers, but it hasn't resulted in a wave of drunkenness. The Y.M.C.A. has taken over the famous Aix Casino, and among other activities, it sells lemonade at the entrance. Lemonade and beer are obtainable with equal facility, and the sales of lemonade average 3,000 glasses a day, something over one per man. Statistics on the beer and light wine consumption aren't available.

They are telling a story at Aix of two gentlemen who arrived a few weeks ago. They were there, they explained, to investigate social conditions. They had a series of blanks for recording statistics on the social shortcomings of the soldiers. They left with one entry—one drunk, believed insane.

Every soldier arrives at Aix with a grinch. Psychologists might supply a scientific explanation, but it seems to be the result of the all-night train ride which precedes arrival, a general suspicion that there must be a joker somewhere in the leave scheme, and the fact that Aix does not make its best impression from the depot.

Incoming soldiers are marched from the depot to the A.M.F. office, where they pass through a line, present their orders and receive their assignment to a hotel. The room assignment business renews the suspicion. The fact is that it is deemed necessary to avoid confusion, and there isn't supposed to be any difference in the rooms anyhow.

After that the soldiers are expected to get the same treatment at the hotels as the guests. They get three meals a day (French breakfast—eggs extra), and eat 'em right off a china plate. By the morning of the second day in Aix the grinch disappears and doesn't return.

To a man just from the field, a bed

with sheets and an "up to your ears" French mattress is sometimes a thing not to be adopted too suddenly.

One scandalized landlady entered a soldier-guest's room one morning and found him sleeping on the floor wrapped up in the window curtain. It is doubtful if she comprehends his explanation yet. Another soldier woke up, saw the sun coming in the window, dressed in two minutes, shaved in one, and rushed downstairs so as not to miss his breakfast. It was 4 p.m.

A third was discovered about the same

The regimental band of the Infantry (colored) arrived at Aix for a week's stay a couple of months ago, and was such a success that, on petition of the Y.M.C.A., the townspeople and the commandant of the leave area, their stay was continued a fortnight. The musical gave concerts in the Plaza on Sunday and other afternoons, sang songs in the Casino in the evenings, played for dances, and split into jazz orchestras for all kinds of functions at all sorts of places.

It was about as big a social sensation

problem: When you come down in the morning and are served by a waiter in a full dress suit, do you call him a gargon or monsieur?

The new pay system which provides a paybook for every soldier is looked upon as the remedy which will solve most of the financial problems at Aix. The fractional pay feature will make it possible for a soldier to collect pay to date as soon as he arrives. It means, at the discretion of the leave area C.O., a payday for each incoming group, if need be. Early in the history of Americans in Aix permissionnaires got into difficulties, and they borrowed money from a fund raised by Mrs. J. T. Anderson, of the Y.M.C.A., and wealthy American residents. This fund is exhausted now, and the treasurer asks that a gentle hint be passed to the borrowers that the quicker they make repayment the sooner will the touch fund be able to do business again.

At Aix, incidentally, the Government pays all hotel bills, including an allowance for tips. All a soldier has to spend money for is for extras—bicycle hire, a trip up Mount Revard, boat across the lake, a black necktie (houses aren't being worn), etc. Fifty francs will do it all for a moderately conservative spender.

The baths at Aix are, of course, its greatest feature. The bathhouse is a big impressive building which offers more ways of taking a bath than there are of cooking slum. The waters, with the proper mass, massage, and other things, are (according to the guide books) capable of curing more diseases than Dr. Wa Hoo's Sarsaparilla Compound.

The rubbers and masseurs are all old timers who learned the business from their fathers, who learned the business from their fathers and so on back to the beginning. They have kept the business in the family.

The busy times around the baths are in the mornings. Those there for the cure who are able to walk to the baths, and those who are not able to be carried by two attendants in a sort of sedan chair, as secret and romantic as the conveyance of an oriental princess.

One husky doughboy spotted the sedan chairs. It was his idea of style. He went to his hotel and sent word that Monsieur James Moneybags Mugwumps, millionaire américain, had arrived in town with a list of ailments too long to mention and wanted the whole show, beginning with the sedan chair feature. Then he sat in his pajamas and waited. Two attendants arrived, carried him tenderly to the chair and thence to the baths.

At the baths they put him in a tub which looks like the electric chair at Sing Sing and turned a hose on him. Then they put him into a steam room, into a cold room, back into the steam

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room, rubbed his back with a curry comb, tickled his feet with a whisk broom, hit him on the back with a fly swatter and finally wheeled him into a room filled with an appalling lot of strange machinery.

The doughboy quit. He got up and started an argument. He turned a hand-spring to show that he was all right. So far as Monsieur J. Moneybags Mugwumps was concerned, he intimidated, he was completely cured and willing to write any kind of a laudatory testimonial the management might dictate.

"They may not kill you in that emporium of panaceas," explained the adventurer when he finally got out, "but they would scare you to death if you stayed with them long enough. It took 30 francs and 40 minutes of French to make a getaway."

"French!" said his friend. "How did you ever talk French?"

"Hell!" said the doughboy. "I had to talk French!"

The Casino at Aix is undoubtedly the finest Y.M.C.A. in France. It is large, ornate and comfortable. It sits in grounds which belt it—lawn, gravel walks, hedges, trees, and a grotto. It used to be a gambling hall, comparable to Monte Carlo. Billiards is the most blooded game offered now.

Many of the civilians—French, English, and American—who spent the summer in Aix in previous years are there this season, and although the American soldier predominates, he is by no means the whole show, not even at the Casino.

There are beautiful girls around the grounds, some of whom speak English—"a very lot" (but seem to do it better with something else on the verge of the next day), children and old folks of unquestionably exclusive social station. But they have all taken up the Americans. Some say Americans are a tad, others that they have come to defend France and must be entertained, but one old French gentleman says it's just because Americans are good fellows—and he is probably right.

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Subscribed Capital - - - - - \$124,601,160
Paid-up Capital - - - - - 25,958,575
Reserve Fund - - - - - 21,726,205
2nd May, 1918
Deposits - - - - - \$1,150,152,925
Cash in hand and Balances at Bank of England 375,060,145
Money at Call and Short Notice 41,402,610
Bills of Exchange - - - - - 116,526,615
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Minute Tapioca Company
Orange, Mass.
From the
Minute Man of '76
to the Minute Men
of 1918 in France
COMRADES:
"No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me," is, I believe, the proper way for a man who has never written to a soldier before to begin his letter to him.
I know you will be surprised to hear from me but I am going to take the privilege of the old soldier and talk to the young ones. I am not going to give any advice though, and I am not going to tell you how much more stormy were the times of '76 than are the times of 1918. In the first place because you wouldn't agree with me, and in the second place, because you might be right after all.
So I will tell you a story of something that happened nearly one hundred and ten years ago, that may be kind of interesting to you.
In those days there weren't many newspapers and there weren't any railroads and it took a long time to make a trip and it took a long time for news to get from one place to another.
Along about the first of the year 1809, a man who lived in Boston, decided he would visit his brother who had gone to Kentucky many years before as a pioneer. It took him many weeks to make the trip by stage coach and horseback, and he arrived on his brother's farm, near Hodgenville, Kentucky, about the end of the second week in February.
Naturally a man who had come all the way from Boston was a very interesting visitor to this little backwoods place, and they asked him a great many questions about what was going on in the world. "Well," he says, "about all the talk we hear back home is about a man named Napoleon who seems to be musing things up pretty bad over in Europe. This fellow Napoleon appears to be about the most important person in the world just now, and nobody talks about much of anything else. What's the news in your little town?"
"Oh," the natives told him, "nothing, much ever happens around here worth speaking of." Mrs. Tom Lincoln had a baby boy born yesterday. They are thinking of calling it Abraham, but that don't amount to nothing. Let's talk about this fellow Napoleon."
I don't know whether there is any moral to this story or not; unless it is that in the kind of democracy you boys are fighting for, the baby born in the backwoods cabin has the chance to grow into the greatest man in the world if he's got the stuff in him.
There's no telling how many of you who read this may some day be addressed as General. There's a mighty good chance that one of the boys who reads this will some day live in the White House; and maybe more of the boys than one. It's a great country, boys, and it gives man a chance to be great. I salute you.
THE MINUTE MAN OF '76

MARSHAL GREET'S YANKS ON LEAVE

Y.M. Man and Sergeant Lead Party of 60 Per-missionnaires

For all of the stories of the unexpected and unusual which this war has produced, there haven't been many more unique military incidents than one which took place in the Savoie leave area a few days ago.

Sixty American soldiers were quartered in the hotels of the little town of Challes-les-Eaux not concerned in anything more strenuous than chasing shade spots around during the day when—General Joffre, Marshal of France, arrived there for a rest.

What the etiquette of the situation required was doubtful. None of the soldiers had ever seen the general, all were extremely anxious to, and all were keenly desirous of paying the homage that they, and the rest of the American Army, feel for the Marshal of France. Even the Army old timers couldn't quote a precedent in Philippine campaigns or on the Mexican border. A series of hasty conferences were held which disclosed these facts:

There wasn't a commissioned officer in the town.
Not one of the 60 spoke French.
The Y.M.C.A. man did.

Marshal Would Be Pleased

Would the Y.M.C.A. man help them out? He would. He brushed his hair, shifted his glasses, and called on the Marshal. He came back half an hour later. Marshal Joffre would be extremely pleased to review the American troops in front of his hotel.

A sergeant was chosen as C.O. The 60—and they were from every branch of the service—fell in, adjusted themselves according to height, counted off, did squads right for 15 minutes to get back into form and, headed by the sergeant and the Y.M.C.A. man-interpreter, presented themselves.

Marshal Joffre expressed a genuine pleasure at meeting them, spoke of the gratitude of France and the exploits of the American soldiers. At the conclusion he gave the Y.M.C.A. man 40 autographed briar pipes which were subsequently distributed as prizes at O.D. amateur nights in the Casino.

HOME FOR LOST BAGGAGE

The Q.M.O. has established a home for unclaimed baggage. Members of the A.E.F. who have lost baggage should make inquiry of the Depot Quartermaster, Salvage Division, Glévières, giving an accurate description and pertinent facts.

A central storage depot has been established at Glévières. Private property of officers and men which cannot accompany its owners to the field is to be packed and labeled with name, rank and organization and turned over to the division salvage squad for shipment to Glévières.

Personal property of officers and men who are absent in hospital more than two weeks also will be sent to Glévières, under Bulletin 18, H.Q. S.O.S.
The order also directs that barracks bags and other Government property which cannot be delivered by the Transportation Department will be sent to Salvage Depot Intermediate No. 8, St. Pierre des Corps, near Tours.

"DON'T FORGET ME," ELSIE'S ORDERS

Doughgirl Hints at Return and Mother Sends Love

She's gone away, but not very far, and she's coming back. Here's her letter:—

"My dear boys—Each and every one, I'll be in a resort for the present. I am in London about to make some money. You all know how difficult it is to find over there, and I have not found any for seven months. I shall be thinking about you and pulling for you. To those that I have met and had the honor of singing for I say, keep the pep that you had when I saw you. To those I did not see I say, I'm sorry, but I will get you yet."

"Don't forget me. Good luck to you all. Get a Hun for me, and if you want anything that I can get for you, write to me, Palace Theater, London. You see, I shall not be very far away from you all and the big show."

"Always your friend,
"ELSIE JANIS.
"P.S.—Love from Mother."

ADDRESS CARDS TO SPEED UP MAIL

A.P.O.'s Will Forward Information to Central Records Office

If you are going to be transferred from your present unit to another, or have become casual, remember to go to the post office and have your address changed.

No matter what post office you happen to be near, just walk in and ask for a change-of-address card, fill it out as it is prescribed on the card, hand it back to the postmaster and your job is done. The card will then be sent to the Central Post Office at Tours and your letters will not go astray.

This card will be available at any American post office and at base and camp hospitals. It will be filled out by the soldier transferred from company to hospital, or from one unit to another. In hospitals, or where it is impracticable for the soldier to fill out a card, it will be made out by unit mail orderlies or other suitable authority.

PARIS TAXI FARES UP

If you are in Paris and, as all Americans do, take a taxi rather than try to find your French on a gendarme to ask the direction, don't get sore if the driver charges you 25 centimes more than shows up on the meter. The fare of all taxis in the city has been shored up, but the meters haven't been marked up to correspond.

Memorandum 66 from Headquarters, District of Paris, says that the 25 centimes is a just charge and must in all cases be met.
However, the extra 5 sous is the most that the taxi-proprietor has a right to charge you over and above the stated price. If he tries to stick you 10 francs for a two block ride don't pay it.

SUNDAY, JR., IN SERVICE

A son of the man who said that the Kaiser is so low he would have to make an altitude flight in an airplane to reach hell is now in the A.E.F. service in London.

"Billy" Sunday said the mouthful, His boy, 1st Lieut. George Sunday, S.C., is in the purchasing department of the Signal Corps at the London S.O.S. base section.

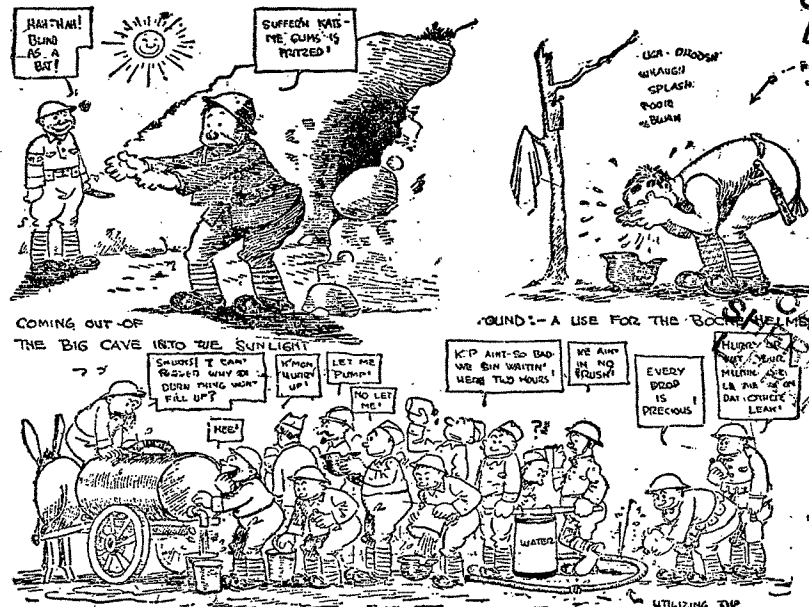
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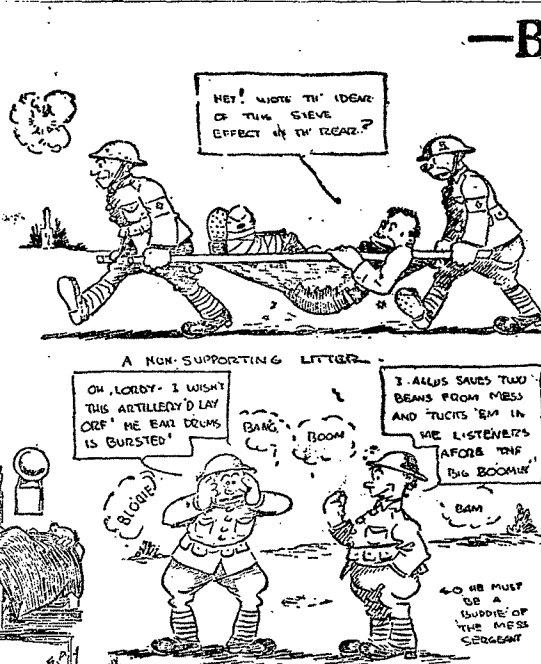
SNAPPED AT JUVIGNY



SCENE AT THE DIVISION HUMP—THE ONLY WATER IN VIEW

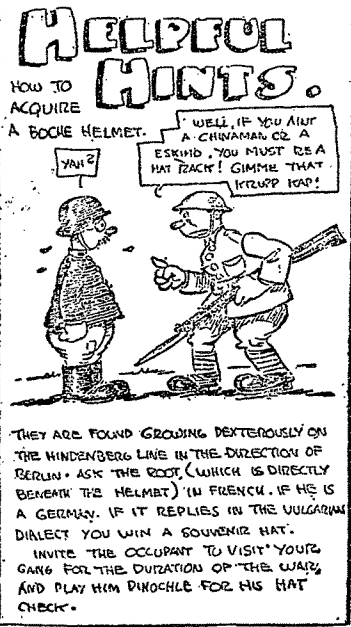


ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR GAMES IN THIS SECTION—GETTING LOST IN THE BIG CAVE



DURING A HEAVY BARRAGE

—By WALLGREN



THEY ARE FOUND GROWING DEXTEROUSLY ON THE HINDENBERG LINE IN THE DIRECTION OF BERLIN. ASK THE BOY, WHICH IS DIRECTLY BEHIND THE HELMET. IN FRENCH, IF HE IS A GERMANY. IF IT REPLIES IN THE VULGAR DIALECT YOU WIN A SOUVENIR HAT. INVITE THE OCCUPANT TO VISIT YOUR GARDEN FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR, AND PLAY HIM PINOCCHIO FOR HIS HAT CHECK.

ALLOTMENT WORRIES TO BE INVESTIGATED

C.O.'s Will Collect Duplicates If Men Report Difficulty

FAULTY ADDRESSES HELP

War Risk Bureau Gives Them as Reason for Return of Thousands of Checks

In an effort to secure prompt payments of all War Risk allotments and allowances, members of the A.E.F. who have received complaints from allottees of the non-payment or slow payment of allowances due are asked to execute duplicates of Form 1-B, giving all the facts. For this purpose, it is explained in G.O. 137, detachment and various other commanders are instructed to assist soldiers in the procedure to be followed in making out the duplicates. They will also examine the service records of the men making complaints and supplement in every way possible the information required on Form 1-B.

In the case of troops in the line, the requirements specified will be executed as soon as they reach a rest area; for other troops they will be executed on receipt of the G.O.

Incorrect Addresses Aid Delay
The Bureau of War Risk Insurance at Washington, D.C., recently received many thousands of allotment and allowance checks mailed to dependents of soldiers had been returned because of incorrect address, which does its bit in delaying payments. In case the allottee changes his or her address, the Bureau to be addressed at the Treasury Department, Washington, D.C., should at once be notified by the allottee, who is requested to give both old and new addresses.

Officers who execute the duplicates for members of the A.E.F. will prepare reports addressed to the Chief of the War Risk Section, Hqs. S.O.S., stating that they have interviewed the enlisted personnel of their organizations and that there were no complaints "except as follows." The names only of the men who reported difficulty with their allotments will then be listed.

These reports will be made out as of September 10, 1918. The reports for the units will be assembled at division headquarters and then forwarded to the War Risk Section.

To Watch Recent Amendment

In addition to learning the number of complaints in their units, officers will also see that the War Risk act amendment which became effective July 1 is being adhered to and explain it if necessary. This amendment, which was outlined in detail in this newspaper in the issue of July 11, fixes the computation of allotment at \$15 a month and stipulates other changes in the working of the act. G.O. 137 is to be read to all A.E.F. organizations at the first assembly after its receipt.

Members of the A.E.F. who wish to inquire regarding allotment, allowances or insurance are asked to communicate with the War Risk Section, Hqs. S.O.S., A.P.O. 717, direct, without going through the usual military channels. It is asked, however, that separate letters be sent if a soldier seeks information on both questions.

G.H.Q. VISITORS MUST HAVE REAL BUSINESS

Unbidden Guests Will Also Steer Clear of S.O.S. Capital

Officers who wish to visit G.H.Q. or Headquarters, S.O.S., must have the best of military reasons for the visit. They will be allowed in either place only on official business and by appointment previously made, according to G.O. 140. Requests for appointments are to be made by wire or mail through the Information Officer at the place it is desired to visit. The request will state the subject to be discussed, the official with whom it is desired to confer and the length of time sought for the conference. C.O.'s are asked to grant subordinate permissions to visit either of these two places only when it is necessary to keep an appointment made as stated. Chiefs of services and their assistants may visit their deputies at G.H.Q. or Hqs. S.O.S. on official business without previous appointment. Officers visiting either headquarters will register at the office of the Adjutant General, showing date of arrival, date of expected departure, and authority for visit.

JUVIGNY AND OTHER HIGH SPOTS ALONG THE FIGHTING FRONT

Among the prisoners who have fallen to the Americans lately was a youth who had lived in the United States, who has a mother in New York and a sister in South Dakota. He had been sent to the school in Germany about the time the war started and he was impressed into the army two years ago. When he found himself opposite the Americans he surrendered. He was in a cave with 40 other Germans and he persuaded them to come out.

"The best thing you can do is give up," he told them. "These guys opposite you are fighters—they'll get you." When this had come before an examining officer with a long string of prisoners to be listed he announced that he could talk English.

"Can you say, 'To hell with the Kaiser'?" asked the officer. "Sure," said the prisoner. "To hell with the Kaiser."

The old tin Kelly, heavy and uncomfortable as it may be, has justified itself in the hands of the prisoners. Hardly a field hospital in the whole American Army which cannot cite instances where the helmet has saved lives.

A soldier was brought into a field dressing station with a crease in the brim of his helmet directly over his nose. He had been struck by a machine gun bullet, evidently fired from a tree. The steel derby had turned the missile, and although it put the wearer to sleep for half an hour, it left no permanent injuries.

An hour later another soldier came in with a similar crease in the brim of his helmet almost in the same place. It was shrapnel this time, and it had been turned just as effectively, the fragment claiming only a little skin and flesh from the tip of the wearer's nose which, the doctor opined, would grow again.

In one action a soldier got a machine gun bullet through the arm. As he was walking to the rear, a shell burst near him and a couple of pieces of shrapnel struck him. As he was going back in an ambulance a second shell overturned the vehicle and he sustained more hurts. He was still able to be up and about at the dressing station, however, and was patched from one end to the other.

"There, now," said the doctor, finishing his seventh bandage. "Is that all?" "I believe it is," said the soldier, as he ambled off the dressing table.

In about ten minutes he came back. "Say," he said, "there's another one in my shoulder I didn't find until just now."

Somewhere, rumbling about in the German soldier's think box, is the idea that the American soldiers are a species of wild Indian fighter that kills, tortures, or at least abuses his prisoners. Sometimes it amounts to belief and sometimes it is only a suspicion, but there can be no doubt that the notion has been more or less systematically passed out through the German army.

It was only coincidence that 50 captured Boches, before being taken further on their journey to the S.O.S., were lined up recently in front of some newly dug graves. The Boches didn't know it. They thought they were going to be shot and shoved in the holes, and the Kaiser, if he could have witnessed it, would undoubtedly have been deeply pained at the pesty expression which came over the countenances of this bunch of his would-be world beaters in the face of their imagined end.

One German soldier, quaking in terror, held out an iron cross and a pocket-book full of pfennigs as the price of his life and made an impassioned, if somewhat excited, plea on behalf of his wife and family.

On another occasion a couple of dozen prisoners were quartered for the night in a cave used as an American P.C. As they were out of the gas danger zone, their masks were taken from them.

The next morning a dozen American soldiers missed their gas masks on awaking, and these were later found in possession of a dozen Germans. Evidently, the Germans suspected they were put in the cave and relieved of their masks to be gassed and, in some unexplained manner, annexed the American masks to be on the safe side.

toward the German bridge. The Germans boarded the barge as it neared the bridge and began stamping the burning barrel straw.

German officers and non-coms have frequently been detailed to line up prisoner detachments and, under the chaporname of M.P.'s, march them to the rear. An incident which happened when one Boche non-com was instructed to form his company caused one sage American private to declare that a sergeant is a sergeant no matter what army he is in.

The German sergeant gave the command to fall in, and most of the prisoners obeyed with a clicking of heels that is the pride of the German army. One Boche was late, however, and brought forth audible expression of the non-com's wrath which, when translated, means about this:

"What are you doing there, you bone-headed recruit? Come to attention! What are you trying to do, spoil our reputation before these Americans?"

An ambulance drew up at one of the advanced dressing stations at Juvigny during the Americans' advance in front of that town to receive its load of wounded.

An American private, his head bandaged in many wraps of white gauze, stood by waiting his turn to climb aboard.

"Come on," said the sergeant in charge of the ambulance work, "climb on and let's go before that big baby gets our range."

The wounded man hesitated. "What for do I have to get on there?" he demanded.

"Well, ain't you wounded?" The private shook his head. "I ain't hurt bad."

"Well, what you doin' with all that bandage on your dome if you ain't wounded?"

"Wounded—hell!" he exploded. "That's all it is—bandages."

That's all—plain bandage. The wound was slight—a shrapnel gash in his forehead. Still, he had been unconscious for two hours in a shell hole.

An American lieutenant was found unconscious in a shell hole by a brother officer. The latter started to the rear with his charge, but while en route received eight machine gun bullet wounds. He, too, dropped, unconscious.

An hour later the first officer came to, saw the wounded officer to the rear, went back and took over his command.

An American private had right leg shattered at Juvigny by an exploding shell.

For three hours he lay in the shell hole waiting for help. None came. An hour later he presented himself to the medical officer in charge of the dressing station at the regimental P.C. He had come all the way on one leg and a stick that he used as a crutch.

A machine gun nest was holding up the advance of one lieutenant's company in front of Juvigny.

Crawling up unobserved to within a few yards of the emplacement, the lieutenant covered the crew of five men with his automatic.

On discovering that they had been outdone, the Germans threw up their hands and shouted "Kamerad!"

The lieutenant lowered his pistol and started forward to collect his prisoners. The German manning the machine gun took advantage of this act and shot him twice in the left shoulder. From where he fell, the lieutenant killed three of the Germans with his automatic.

Then one of the remaining Germans in front of Juvigny.

Gorringe's American News Agency, late Daw's American News Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C.

Important notice to Americans in Europe. All Home news can be had at the above address.

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Cassoulet, Petit Salé aux Choux, Porc aux Haricots, Mouton braisé

SOLD BY ALL GROCERIES

Greetings from An Atlantic Port

To our many friends now serving humanity with unselfish zeal we extend greetings and heartfelt good wishes.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY MAKERS OF THE Boston Garter UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The pit shot his comrade who had fired upon the American officer, saying afterward that he did so because the American had spared their lives and that he had done a just act.

"Poor old Boche!" That was the battle-cry of the Americans as they went forward at Juvigny.

A Prussian officer was being questioned at a regimental headquarters just back of Juvigny.

"Wouldn't your men rather surrender than undergo another barrage like the one we just put over?" the American officer asked.

"Never," was the answer. "My men will not surrender to the Americans. Just then five M.P.'s came in with nearly a hundred German prisoners. They were 'my men.'"

FARQUHARSON CANDY

Surprise the Folks at Home Fifty Cents a Pound. Parcel Post per Pound: 7 cents New England, 10 cents East Miss. River, 12 cents West Miss. River.

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OFFICER BALL NINE CAUGHT WITH RINGER

Line Men Try to Get Away
With Sergeant
in Box

BUT COLONEL SAYS NAY

Army School Provided One Form of
Training Not Down on the
Book at G.H.Q.

There is one thing about the Army School of Line at A.P.O. 714 that wasn't mapped out at G.H.Q. and that is its ball team.

This team hasn't got all of Spaulding's strategy mastered, but at least it conforms to the tables of organization of a ball team. The majors and lieutenants on it might make J. Caesar's laurel wreath look like a bunch of dried corn husks, but they will never shirk Ty Cobb off the shelf.

They just play at the game, and about all the practice they get is passing Cheval Rouge at the Line school mess and running from their bunk rooms to classes to maintain liaison between Mars and Morphous. This team was born on a bluff and has thrived on the accidents of fortune.

An Intelligence school was started recently and after they painted some new signs for the doors, they challenged the Line school to a game. The Line school adjutant called for volunteers and a regular Valley Forge campaign resulted. There were colleagues who barnstormed the northwest and a few savans who helped Spaulding write the book and some who were honest and admitted they would have to learn. And so everybody drew ordnance property from the Y.M.C.A. and the game was fixed for a plateau where the Romans once camped when they fought the original Huns, and the Intelligence school thought they were ready too, and they began to seek an umpire.

Hard Umpire Found

A high ranking officer was needed for an umpire, somebody who was hard and could call the strikes without swaying the referee. The officer had a white beard and a low, loud voice. So the personnel bureau at G.H.Q. sent a colonel named Johnson, who is so hard he uses a cactus plant for a powder puff after shaving. He is the only man extant who has umpired games in the Texas League, and anybody who can umpire a Texas League game without getting a wound chevron or a pension for his widow is queque umpire.

So they had an umpire and two teams and everything but pop and peanuts and programs, and the Intelligence team came up to bat. A chap named Sheehan mounted the mound for the Line and Colonel Johnson swept off the home plate and adjusted his gas mask and an Intelligence captain was in the batter's box doing Butts' Manual with the willow.

The colonel leaned over the pitcher's shoulder with his hands behind his back holding an umpire's adding machine and Colonel Johnson drew himself up in an Olympic pose and then unrolled and fired a round just the better. The colonel bawled "strike," and the Intelligence observer on the first-base line told him to lower his sights, and then the colonel sent the monthly observer to the S.O.S. and Sheehan wound into another pose.

When he came out of it again, it looked as though the batter was going to get a wound chevron in his ribs, but the ball ricocheted and cut the plate. The umpire knew all about horseshoe ballistics and signalled a strike.

Ringer Is Discovered

Then the Intelligence discovered that Sheehan wasn't wearing a Sam Browne belt and they all assembled around the umpire as though he was a Hun prisoner and they were going to heckle him about the morale of the German army. They said if the Line school was going to use any non-commissioned ringers, they would need one of the line in the big league season when they could use some of the draftee stars.

So the Line put in a new pitcher and everything was conducted along amateur lines except the umpiring. The Intelligence had plenty of liaison and the fielders remembered the whole series of changing lines and flies.

The sixth inning was a rout. The Line got a few patrols out in the Intelligence infield that flattened out all the infielders. The Liners circled the bases like steevedore privates in a chow line. Everybody was excited except the umpire, who got disgusted with the Liners and called them out five, four, three, in the last inning. The Line school bulletin board had it, Line 20, Intelligence 6.

Tank Outfit Sucked In

Then the Line challenged the General Staff college, which promptly developed a cold aux pieds, so the challenge went to the Tanks, and the Tank outfit, which ranks itself fairly high, accepted.

They played on a tank field with barbed wire fences and abandoned wells and there were male tanks and female tanks until it would remind you of a banquet by the Milwaukee Commercial club to the Brewers for not making the season in the last place. The Line school bulletin board said Line 5, Tanks 1.

Then the Engineers challenged the Line, but the Engineers are a hard lot with concrete emplacements and corrugations under the collar and the Line decided to get more practice and picked the Heavy Trench Artillery school. They should have picked the Light Trench Mortars first. They bumped into a regular T.N.T. dump and the Line school bulletin board said nothing.

The adjutant said if they had played the Trench Artillery outfit on their own field, they would have won with a different umpire and team. They could also have won maybe if the Trench Artillery had been gassed with phosgene instead of Line school pulmonary diseases.

S.O.S. FATIGUES SUITS

Cooks, bakery men, hospital orderlies, and other troops are going to get new suits soon.

Allowance of fatigue clothing for S.O.S. troops, under G.O. 37, Hq. S.O.S., will be as follows: Three suits for every bakery company enlisted man; two suits for each private and private first class on duty in hospitals; two suits for each cook and assistant cook, except at hospitals, where cooks will be provided white clothing; two suits for each enlisted man or shop and steevedore troops, and engineers when engaged in outside construction work; one suit each for 50 per cent of strength of all organizations.

WHAT IF HE IS A LIEUT?



WAR AS THE AIRMAN SEES IT

An airman is always on the lookout against a surprise from the enemy, but to guard against a surprise by one of his friends is also a part of the game.

Just before daybreak one morning Lieut. Ned Buford decided to go out and round up another Boche plane to add to his growing list. He had been in the air only a short time when he located a Boche photographic machine well beyond him preparing to carry out his dawn campaign. He immediately swooped towards his aerial objective, maneuvered for position and, with the enemy in direct range, prepared to open fire.

Much to Lieut. Buford's astonishment, a machine gun opened fire from a new position and the Boche plane, curling into a nose spin, started downward at terrific speed. Lieut. Buford followed the downward rush of the enemy plane until he saw it crash into flames as it struck the ground. It was only then that, looking up, he saw one of his best friends, Lieut. David Putnam, also swooping down after the wrecked machine. Up to this moment neither American flyer had seen the other nor had known that another Yankee plane was in the neighborhood.

"You can't waste any time getting your Boche if Putnam is around," was Lieut. Buford's tribute to his friend.

"The most exciting work in the way of flying," remarked a well known American aviator, "is not always in battle with a German plane. The job of flying only 50 or 60 feet above enemy infantry and machine guns in an offensive is the most nerve-racking of them all, unless your motor stops when you are back of German lines. I had that happen to me once, and once is enough."

"I was well back in German territory when I saw my machine was in trouble and it was a matter of luck whether I could drift back again to safe ground."

THREE CONTINENTS AT S.O.S. FUNERAL

Annamite Is Buried from
French Church While
Yanks Blow Taps

Down in the S.O.S. the other day they held one of the strangest funerals that any war has ever seen. An Annamite, one of the little yellow people who have come from far Cathay to help win the war, was laid to rest in French soil, after a ceremony in a little village church, while American buglers sounded taps over his grave and soldiers from three continents stood at silent attention.

An odd little people, these Annamites, judged by our Western standards. But they display, among other characteristics, a desire to learn, to know more, that might shame a lot of us. A Y.M. man who has developed a particular interest in them has whole flocks of them in his French classes, and many at his English class. (He used to be a missionary in China, so he compares them and they him.) They are apt pupils—probably more apt than the handful of Americans who are bravely devoting their spare time to studying Chinese under this same missionary.

If you know any sufferer from laundrymen or proprietors of chop suey restaurants in the States, you will recall their devotion to Sunday School, partly because they are quite as upright as the rest of us and enjoy it, partly from the more ulterior motive of learning English.

The S.O.S. Chinese have their Sunday School fairs, too. They come to the services and run through the dozen or so familiar hymns with scarcely an accent. But that's all the English they know.

WHERE'S THE UMPH? ASK THESE PEOPLE

Several Offices Can Tell
If You Want to
Get There

"You are directed to proceed to Umph Division Headquarters."

But what are you going to do when you haven't an idea in the world where the Umph Division is, when you can't find its headquarters on any known map, when public opinion in your particular battalion is divided as to whether it is due west of Zebrugga or in a suburb of Kamohatka.

In that case, before beginning your journey, you will, says G.O. 133, ascertain the organization's location through your C.O. from the nearest of the following offices: Regulating Stations, Hq. S.O.S.; Advance Section, S.O.S.; Headquarters Intelligence Section, S.O.S.; any Base Section; Headquarters U.S. Troops, Paris; American Statistical Section, Rome; or French G.H.Q.—or, as they call it, G.O.G.—or yet again, at the headquarters of a corps or school.

In order to prevent the necessity for issuing additional orders confirming indirect travel, the authority issuing a travel order will, in cases where the travel cannot be by the "shortest usually traveled route," state in the order "via the particular point through which the destination may be reached."

MOTOR BRANCH MEN WILL GO TO SCHOOL

Officers, Drivers, Mechanics
to Get Training Under
G.H.Q. Order

Courses for drivers, non-commissioned officers of the Motor Transport Corps, mechanics and officers of motor trains will be offered at a school for the M.T.C., established, according to G.O. 134, "for the instruction of officer and soldier personnel of the A.E.F. in the maintenance and operation of motor vehicles and motor trains." The school will be directed under G.H.Q. direction.

The Director of the M.T.C. is assigned as commandant of the school, with power to appoint a major as assistant commandant, a captain as secretary, a captain as supply officer, and two captains as senior instructors, plus many lieutenants as instructors and non-commissioned officers as assistant instructors as he may direct. He will also decide on the number of clerks, janitors and orderlies needed, and give directions for their selection.

Individuals or detachments not belonging to the M.T.C. may be sent to the school for instruction without the necessity of being transferred to the Corps, and on completion of their instruction, they will be returned to their organizations.

Application for the admission of such personnel to the school will be made directly to the Director of the M.T.C.

NEW JOB FOR M. P.'S

The M.P.'s have got another job. Hereafter, in addition to their present duties—which are possibly too well known to demand minute exposition here—they will turn in to the nearest quartermaster all lost Government property that comes into their possession. Bulletin 64 says so.

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The WALK-OVER "French Conversation Book" and Catalogue will be sent gratis any soldier applying for it.

NATION'S MIND ON ALL-ELECTRIC PLAN

Industrial Revolution Like
One Caused by Steam
Is Predicted

[By CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Sept. 12.—There is growing talk over the possible electrification of the whole country by building huge power plants at the mines and developing all water powers enormously.

The project is unformulated, but the discussion is expanding daily and familiarizing the public mind with the colossal idea, whose execution would revolutionize America industrially and probably socially.

It would be a revolution only comparable to the industrial revolution caused by steam, and the vast vision appeals to American temperament and ambition.

The great power bill now before Congress gives food to the discussion, although its provisions only indicate the possibilities of future development.

ARMY EAR-DRUM NAVY PROTECTOR

"Prevents Injuries from Shock of Gun Fire,"
Does Not Interfere with Hearing of Commands.

Made by
SAFETY EAR-DRUM PROTECTOR CO.
26 Cortlandt Street, New York

THE ARMY AND NAVY EAR-DRUM PROTECTOR is a scientifically constructed device which, when inserted in the outer ear cavity, prevents injury to the ear-drum when exposed to the shock of gun-fire.

Authorities in the Army and Navy have long recognized the necessity of prevention of injuries to the ear. Thousands of cases exist of men who have been incapacitated because of having been exposed to heavy explosions which have resulted in permanent disability and consequent loss of service.

The old time method of stuffing cotton in the ears is often dangerous, and is not always expedient.

The necessity of a preventive of injury has resulted in the development of the ARMY AND NAVY EAR-DRUM PROTECTOR and its adoption wherever the need exists.

Danger to the sensitive membrane of the ear exists wherever firing of any kind occurs. On the rifle range, in machine gun practice, in the artillery as well as with the heavy guns of the Navy, the violent shock is a constant menace to one's hearing.

The use of the ARMY AND NAVY EAR-DRUM PROTECTOR does not interfere with hearing of commands or normal sounds. The punctures through the rubber discs afford perfect ventilation and allow free circulation of air.

The PROTECTORS can be worn with comfort. They are easily inserted and as easily removed but they will not fall out owing to the soft rubber discs clinging to the ear cavity. They keep out dust and water. Cleanse with soap and water.

FITS ANY EAR

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We are not in a hurry for business, we want to sell you only what you need to buy. The American Rendezvous is to be a real meeting place for Americans in uniform. Take us at our word, we'll be glad to know you when you come across. In the meantime, drop us a line if we can be of service to you in any way whatsoever.

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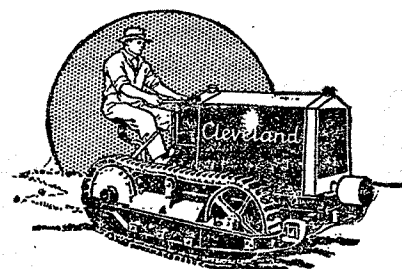
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